

The Brittonic Ballads.

The

BY

CHARLES G. LELAND.

COMPLETE EDITION.



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Ad Musam.

“Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebst;
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herzo.
Hinc me ergeo ipsum meaque illi abstatto gelnebda,
Hinc ehrensaulas aufrichto opfroque Geschenk,
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo”

Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th century.

P R E F A C E.

HEN *Hans Breitmann's Party, with other Ballads*, appeared, the only claim made on its behalf was, that it constituted the first book ever written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans. The author consequently held himself bound to give his broken English in a truthful form. So far as observation and care, aided by the suggestions of well-educated German friends, could enable him to do this, it was done. But the more extensive were his observations, the more did the fact force itself upon his mind, that there is actually no well-defined method or standard of "German-English," since not only do no two men speak it alike, but no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or accuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that *he speaks it better at one time than another*, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language, or to require that the author should invariably

write exactly the same mispronunciations with strict consistency on all occasions.

The opinion—entirely foreign to any intention of the author—that Hans Breitmann is an embodied satire on everything German, has found very few supporters, and it is with the greatest gratification that he has learned that educated and intelligent Germans regard Hans as a jocose burlesque of a type which is every day becoming rarer. And if Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance, have been made the medium for what many reviewers have kindly declared to be laughter-moving, let the reader be assured that not a single word was meant in a bitter or unkindly spirit. It is true that there is always a standpoint from which any effort may be misjudged, but this standpoint certainly did not occur to the writer when he wrote, with anything but misgiving, of his “hearty, hard-fighting, good-natured old ex-student,” who, in the political ballads and others, appears to no moral disadvantage by the side of his associates.

Breitmann in several ballads is indeed a very literal copy or combination of characteristics of men who really exist or existed, and who had in their lives embraced as many extremes of thought as the Captain. America abounds with Germans, who, having received in their youth a “classical education,” have passed through varied adventures, and often present the most startling paradoxes of thought and personal appearance. I have seen bearing a keg a porter

who could speak Latin fluently. I have been in a beer-shop kept by a man who was distinguished in the Frankfort Parliament. I have found a graduate of the University of Munich in a negro minstrel troupe. And while mentioning these as a proof that Breitmann, as I have depicted him, is not a contradictory character, I cannot refrain from a word of praise as to the energy and patience with which the German "under a cloud" in America bears his reverses, and works cheerfully and uncomplainingly, until, by sheer perseverance, he, in most cases, conquers fortune. In this respect the Germans, as a race, and I might almost say as individuals, are superior to any others on the American continent. And if I have jested with the German new philosophy, it is with the more seriousness that I here acknowledge the deepest respect for that true practical philosophy of life—that well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism—which enables Germans to endure and to *enjoy* under circumstances when other men would probably despair.

Breitmann is one of the battered types of the men of '48—a person whose education more than his heart has in every way led him to entire scepticism or indifference—and one whose Lutheranism does not go beyond "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." Beneath his unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details which

are identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity. In such a man, the appreciation of the beautiful in nature may be keen, but it will continually vanish before humour or mere fun; while having no deep root in life or interests in common with the settled Anglo-Saxon citizen, he cannot fail to appear at times to the latter as a near relation to Mephistopheles. But his “mockery” is as accidental and naïf as that of Jewish Young Germany is keen and deliberate; and the former differs from the latter as the drollery of Abraham à Santa Clara differs from the brilliant satire of Heine.

The reader should be fairly warned that these poems abound in words, phrases, suggestions, and even couplets, borrowed to such an extent from old ballads and other sources, as to make acknowledgment in many cases seem affectation. Where this has appeared to be worth the while, it has been done. The lyrics were written for a laugh—without anticipating publication, so far as a number of the principal ones in the first volume were concerned, and certainly without the least idea that they would be extensively and closely criticised by eminent and able reviewers. Before its compilation the “Barty” had almost passed from the writer’s memory, several other songs of the same character by him were quite forgotten, while a number had formed portions of letters to friends, by one of whom a few were published in a newspaper. When finally urged by many who were pleased with “Breitmann”

to issue these humble lyrics in book form, it was with some difficulty that the first volume was brought together.

The excuse for the foregoing observations is the unexpected success of a book which is of itself of so eccentric a character as to require some explanation. For its reception from the public, and the kindness and consideration with which it has been treated by the press, the author can never be sufficiently grateful.

CHARLES G LELAND.

LONDON, 1871.



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INTRODUCTION.

BY THE PUBLISHER.

“ANS BREITMANN gife a barty”—the first of the poems here submitted to the English public—appeared originally in 1857, in *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and soon became widely known. Few American poems, indeed, have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of “Hans Breitmann’s Barty;” for the words just quoted have actually passed into a proverbial expression. The other ballads of the present collection, likewise published in several newspapers, were first collected in 1869 by Mr Leland, the translator of Heine’s “Pictures of Travel” and “Book of Songs,” and author of “Meister Karl’s Sketch-Book,” Philadelphia, 1856, and “Sunshine in Thought,” New York, 1863. They are much of the same character as “The Barty”—most of them celebrating the martial career of “Hans Breitmann,” whose prototype was

a German, serving during the war in the 15th Pennsylvanian cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never* fought unless something *could* be made. The “*rebs*” “gobbled” him one day ; but he re-appeared in three weeks overloaded with money and valuables. One of the American critics remarks —“Throughout all the ballads it is the same figure presented—an honest ‘Deutscher,’ drunk with the New World as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech.”

The poems are written in the droll broken English (not to be confounded with the Pennsylvanian German) spoken by millions of—mostly uneducated—Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany. Their English has not yet become a distinct dialect ; and it would even be difficult to fix at present the varieties in which it occurs. One of its prominent peculiarities, however, is easily perceived : it consists in the constant confounding of the soft and hard consonants ; and the reader must well bear it in mind when translating the language that meets his eye into one to become intelligible to his ear. Thus to the German of our poet, kiss becomes *giss* ; company—*gom-pany*; care—*gare*, count—*gount*, corner—*gorner* ; till—*dill* ; terrible—*derrible* ; time—*dime* ; mountain—*moun-dain* ; thing—*ding* ; through—*droo* ; the—*de* ; themselves

—demselfes, other—oder; party—party; place—blace; pig—big; priest—breest; piano—biano; plaster—blaster; fine—vine; fighting—vighting; fellow—veller; or, *vice versa*, he sounds got—cot; green—creen; great—crate; gold dollars—cold dollars; dam—tam; dreadful—treadful; drunk—troonk; brown—prown; blood—ploot; bridge—pridge; barrel—parrel; boot—poot; begging—peggin', blackguard—plackguart; rebel—repel; never—nefer; river—nifer; very—fery; give—gife; victory—factory; evening—efening; revive—refife; jump—shoomp; join—choin; joy—choy; just—shoost; joke—choke; jingling—shingling, &c.; or, through a kindred change, both—bofe; youth—youf; but mouth—mout'; earth—eart'; south—sout', waiting—vaiten'; was—vas; widow—vidow; woman—voman; work—vork; one—von; we—ve, &c. And hence, by way of a compound mixture, we get from him drafel for travel, derriple for terrible, a daple-leck for a table-leg, bepples for pebbles, tisasder for disaster, schimnastig dricks for gymnastic tricks, let-bencil for lead-pencil, &c. The peculiarity of Germans pronouncing in their mother tongue *s* like *sh* when it is followed by *t* or *p*, and of Germans of southern Germany often also final *s* like *sh*, naturally produced in their American jargon such results as shplit, shtop, shstraight, shtar, shtupendous, shpree, shpirit, &c.; ish (is), ash (as), &c.; and, by analogy, led to shveet (sweet), schwig (swig), &c. We need not notice, however, more than these freaks of the German-American-English

of the present poems, as little as we need advert to simple vulgarisms also met with in England, such as the omission of the final *g* in words terminating in *ing* (*blayin'*—playing; *shpinneñ*—spinning; *ridin'*, *sailin'*, *roonin'*, &c.) We must, of course, assume that the reader of this little volume is well acquainted both with English and German.

The reader will perceive that the writer has taken another flight in Hans Breitmann's Christmas, and many of the later ballads, from what he did in those preceding; and exception might be taken to his choice of subjects, and treatment of them, if the language employed by him were a fixed dialect—that is, a language arrested at a certain stage of its progress; for in that case he would have had to subordinate his pictures to the narrow sphere of the realistic incidents of a given locality. But the imperfect English utterances of the German, newly arrived in America, coloured more or less by the peculiarities of his native idiom, do not make, and never will make a dialect, for the simple reason that, in proportion to his intelligence, his opportunities, and the length of time spent by him among his new English-speaking countrymen, he will sooner or later rid himself of the crudenesses of his speech, thus preventing it from becoming fixed. Many of the Germans who have emigrated and are still emigrating to America belong to the well-educated classes, and some possess a very high culture. Our poet has therefore presented his typical German, with perfect propriety, in a variety of

situations which would be incompatible with the narrow conceptions within which the dialect necessarily moves, and has endowed him with character, even where the local colour is wanting.

In *Breitmann in Politics*, we are on purely American ground.

In it the Germans convince themselves that, as their hero can no longer plunder the rebels, he ought to plunder the nation, and they resolve on getting him elected to the State Legislature. They accordingly form a committee, and formulate for their candidate six "moral ideas" as his platform. These they show to their Yankee helper, Hiram Twine, who, having changed his politics fifteen times, and managed several elections, knows how matters should be handled. He says the moral ideas are very fine, but not worth a "dern;" and instead of them proclaims the true cry, that Breitmann is *sound upon the goose*, about which he tells a story. Then it is reported that the German cannot win, and that, as he is a soldier, he has been sent into the political field only to lead the forlorn hope and get beaten. In answer to this, Twine starts the report that Smith has *sold the fight* to Breitmann, a notion which the Americans take to at once—

"For dey mostly dinked id de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall,
For to sheat von's own gonstituents is de pest mofo in de came.
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same."

Accordingly, Breitmann calls a meeting of Smith's supporters, tells them that he hopes to get a good place for his friend Smith, though he cannot approve of Smith's teetotal principles, because he, Breitmann, is a republican, and the meaning of that word is plain:—" . . . If any enlightened man vill seeken in his Bibel, he will find dat a publican is a barty ash sells *lager*; und de ding is very blain, dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain." Moreover, Smith believes in God, and goes to church,—what liberal German *can* stand this?—while Breitmann, being a publican, must be a sinner. As to parties, the *principles* of both are the same—plunder—and "any man who gifes me his fote,—votefer his boledics pe,—shall alfays pe regardet ash bolidigal friendt py me." This brings the house down. And when Breitmann announces that he sells the best beer in the city, and stands drinks gratis to his "bolidigal friends," and orders in twelve barrels of lager for the meeting, he is unanimously voted "a brickbat, and no sardine."

After this brilliant success, the author is obliged to pause, in order to proclaim the intellectual superiority of Germans to the whole world. He gets tremendously be-fogged in the process, but that is no matter.—

"Ash der Hegel say of his system, 'Dat only von mans knew
Vot der tyfel id meant; and he couldn't tell,' vnd dei Jean Paul
Richter, too,

Who saidt, ‘Gott knows, I meant somedings when foorst dis buch I
writ,
Boot Gott only weiss vot das buch means now, for I hafe forgotten
it’”

But, taking the point as proved, our German still allows that the Yankees have some sharp-pointed sense, which he illustrates by narrating how Hiram Twine turned a village of Smith-voters into the Breitmann camp. The village is German and Democrat. Smith has forgotten his meeting, and Twine, who is very like Smith, and rides into the village to watch the meeting, is taken by the Germans for Smith. On this, Twine resolves to personate Smith, and give his supporters a dose of him. Accordingly, on being asked to drink, he tells the Germans that none but hogs would drink their stinking beer, and that German wine was only made for German swine. Then he goes to the meeting, and, having wounded their feelings in the tenderest point,—the love of beer,—attacks the next tenderest,—their love for their language,—by declaring that he will vote for preventing the speaking of it all through the States ; and winds up by exhorting them to stop guzzling beer and smoking pipes, and set to work to un-Germanise themselves as soon as possible. On this “dere coomed a shindy,” with cries of “Shoot him with a bowie-knife,” and “Tar and feather him.” A revolver-ball cuts the chandelier-cord ; all is dark ; and amidst the row, Twine escapes and gallops off, with some pistol-

balls after him. But the village votes for Breitmann, and he "licks der Schmit."

The ballad, "Breitmann's Going to Church," is based on a real occurrence. A certain colonel, with his men, did really, during the war, go to a church in or near Nashville, and, as the saying is, "kicked up the devil, and broke things," to such an extent, that a serious reprimand from the colonel's superior officer was the result. The fact is guaranteed by Mr Leland, who heard the offender complain of the "cruel and heartless stretch of military authority." As regards the firing into the guerilla ball-room, it took place near Murfreesboro', on the night of Feb. 10 or 11, 1865; and on the next day, Mr Leland was at a house where one of the wounded lay. On the same night a Federal picket was shot dead near Lavergne; and the next night a detachment of cavalry was sent off from General Van Cleve's quarters, the officer in command coming in while the author was talking with the general, for final orders. They rode twenty miles that night, attacked a body of guerillas, captured a number, and brought back prisoners early next day. The same day Mr Leland, with a small cavalry escort, and a few friends, went out into the country, during which ride one or two curious incidents occurred, illustrating the extraordinary fidelity of the blacks to Federal soldiers.

The explanation of the poem entitled, "The First Edition of Breitmann," is as follows:—It was not long after the

war that a friend of the writer's to whom "The Breitmann Ballads" had been sent in MSS., and who had frequently urged the former to have them published, resolved to secure, at least, a small private edition, though at his own expense. Unfortunately the printers quarreled about the MSS., and, as the writer understood, the entire concern broke up in a row in consequence. And, in fact, when we reflect on the amount of fierce attack and recrimination which this unpretending and peaceful little volume elicited after the appearance of the fifth English edition, and the injury which it sustained from garbled and falsified editions, in not less than three unauthorised reprints, it would really seem as if this first edition, which "died a burning," had been typical of the stormy path to which the work was predestined.

"I Gili Romaneskro," a gipsy ballad, was written both in the original and translation—that is to say, in the German gipsy and German English dialects—to cast a new light on the many-sided Bohemianism of Herr Breitmann.

The readers of more than one English newspaper will recall that the idea of representing Breitmann as an Uhlan, scouting over France, and frequently laying houses and even cities under heavy contribution, has occurred to very many of "Our Own." A spirited correspondent of the *Telegraph*, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlan as Breitmann, indicating that the German-American free-lance has grown into a type; and more than one newspaper, anticipating this volume, has

published Anglo-German poems referring to Hans Breitmann and the Prussian-French war. In several pamphlets written in Anglo-German rhymes, which appeared in London in 1871, Breitmann was made the representative type of the war by both the friends and opponents of Prussia, while during February of the same year Hans figured at the same time, and on the same evenings for several weeks, on the stages of three London theatres. So many imitations of these poems were published, and so extensively and familiarly was Mr Leland's hero spoken of as the exponent of the German cause, that it seemed to a writer at the time as if he had become "as regards Germany what John Bull and Brother Jonathan have long been to England and America." In connection with this remark, the following extract from a letter of the Special Correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* of August 29, 1870, may not be without interest:—

"The Prussian Uhlan of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814-15, was occupied by the Cossack. He is a great traveller. Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Rheims, Châlons, St Dizier, Chaumont, have all heard of him. The Uhlan makes himself quite at home, and drops in, entirely in a friendly way, on mayors and corporations, asking not only himself to dinner, but an indefinite number of additional Uhlans, who, he says, may

be expected hourly. The Uhlan wears a blue uniform turned up with yellow, and to the end of his lance is affixed a streamer intimately resembling a very dirty white pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes he hunts in couples, sometimes he goes in threes, and sometimes in fives. When he lights upon a village, he holds it to ransom; when he comes upon a city, he captures it, making it literally the prisoner of his bow and his spear. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* once drove the people of Lancashire to madness by declaring that, in the Rebellion of 1745, Manchester 'was taken by a Scots sergeant and a wench;' but it is a notorious fact that Nancy submitted without a murmur to five Uhlans, and that Bar-le-Duc was occupied by two. When the Uhlan arrives in a conquered city, he visits the mayor, and makes his usual inordinate demands for meat, drink, and cigars. If his demands are acceded to, he accepts everything with a grin. If he is refused, he remarks, likewise with a grin, that he will come again to-morrow with three thousand light horsemen, and he gallops away; but in many cases he does not return. The secret of the fellow's success lies mainly in his unblushing impudence, his easy mendacity, and that intimate knowledge of every highway and byway of the country which, thanks to the military organisation of the Prussian army, he has acquired in the regimental school. He gives himself out to be the precursor of an imminently advancing army, when, after all, he is only a boldly adventurous free-lance, who has

ridden thirty miles across country on the chance of picking up something in the way of information or victuals. Only one more touch is needed to complete the portrait of the Uhlan. His veritable name would seem to be Hans Breitmann, and his vocation that of a ‘bummer;’ and Breitmann, we learn from the preface to Mr Leland’s wonderful ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvanian cavalry by the name of Jost, whose proficiency in ‘bumming,’ otherwise ‘looting,’ in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest bush-whackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Conederate host.”

The present edition embraces all the Breitmann poems which have as yet appeared; and the publisher trusts that in their collected form they will be found much more attractive than in scattered volumes. Many new lyrics, illustrating the hero’s travels in Europe, have been added, and these, it is believed, are not inferior to their predecessors.

N. TRÜBNER.

The Breitmann Ballads.

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
Dey had biano-blavin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.

She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you 'll pe pound;
I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de windows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I dells you it cost him dear ;
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
 Of foost-rate lager beer.
 Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
 De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;
 I dinks dat so vine a barty
 Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
 Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselfs to house ;
 Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
 De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
 Und vash der Abendessen down
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer.
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
 Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany vighted mit dapple-lecks
 Dill de coonstable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—

Vhere ish dat barty now?

Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud

Dat float on de moundain's prow ?

Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern--

De shtar of de shpirit's light?

All goned afay mit de lager beer—

Afay in de ewigkeit !

BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.

HANS BREITMANN shoined de Turners,
Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
All in de Turner Hall.
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,*
Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed on de fifes
Till dey couldn't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,
Und poots him a course of shprouts.
Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hosc
In his mout' dill he 's 'pout half tead !

* *Liederchor* is the word which serves as a basis for this designation.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners ;
 Dey make shimmastig dricks ;
 He stoot on de middle of de floor,
 Und put oop a fify-six.
 Und den he drows it to de roof,
 Und schwig off a treadful trink :
 De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
 Und py shinks ! he didn't vink !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :--
 Mein Gott ! how dey drinked und shwoire
 Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
 Und Bavarians by de score.
 Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
 Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
 Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
 Und *he* vas a Holstein Dane.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
 Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;
 Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt
 It knock de musik doomb.
 Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,
 It coorl de haar on deir head ;
 Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere ;
 Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners ;
 De ladies coomed in to see ;
 Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
 All in der gal-lerie.
 Dey ashk : " Vhere ish der Breitmann ? "
 Und dey dremple mit awe and fear
 Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,
 A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—
 I dells you vot py tam !
 Dey sings de great Urbummellied :*
 De holy Sharman psalm.
 Und vhen dey kits to de gorus
 You ought to hear dem dramp !
 It scared der Teufel down below
 To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—
 By Donner ! it vas grand,
 Vhen de whole of dem goes valkin
 Und dancin' on deir hand,

* Studio auf einer Reis',
 Lebet halt auf auf eig'ner Weis'.
 Hungrig hier und hungrig dort,
 Ist des Burschens Lobungswort.

This, with the other verses, may be found in the German Students' *Commers-bücher*.

Mit deir veet all vavin' in de air,
Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !
Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Dey lay dere in a heap,
And slept dill de early sonnen shine
Come in at de window creep ;
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
And dey go to kit deir feed :
Here hat dis song an ende—
Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

BALLAD.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

 ER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shper and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meermaid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood.
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outsphoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.
"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

“ You’detter coom down in de wasser,
Vhere dere’s heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

“ Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin’,
Und you catches dem efery von :”—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

“ Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old ;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !
To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

“ Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !
Shoost see dese diamant rings !
Coom down and fill your bockets,
Und I ’ll giss you like efery dings.

“ Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine !
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !”

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound ;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on

A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES.



E moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mein Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vordt ;
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
De Dampfsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
We looket at de town
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
Und wetter fanes doornin' round.
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
Und dropled nopody dere,
Vhen all aroundt oos de rowdies
Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A woman mit a papy
 Vas sittin' in de blace ;
Von tooket a chew tobacco
 Und trowed it indo her vace.
De woman got coonvulshons,
 De papy pegn to gry ;
Und de rowdies shkreedem out a laffin,
 Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger
 Katrina Bauer und I,
I openet de lit of mine pasket,
 Und pringed out a cherry bie.
A cherry kooken mit pretzels,
 " How goot ! " Katrina said,
When a rowdy snatched it from her,
 Und preaked it oser mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,
 I gifed him a biece my mind,
I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand.
 Mit der teufel himself pehind.
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,
 Und peats me plack and plue ;
Und all de plackguards kick me,
 Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples
Don't know how de rowdies shtrike
Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman,
He knows it more ash he like.
If de Deutsche speakers und bapers
Are somedimes too hard on dis land,
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
Along by de rowdy's hand!

THE PICNIC.

 E picknock oud at Spraker's wood :—
 Id melt de soul und fire de plood.
 Id softy slid from cakes und cream ;
 Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.

Mit stims of tender craceful ring,
 De gals begoon a song to sing ;
 A bland mildt lied of olden dime—
 Deutsch vas die doon, und Deutsch de rhyme.

Wi's uff der Stross' wenn's finschter ischt,
 Und niemond in der Goss' mehr ischt,
 Nur Schöne Mädel wolle mer fonga,
 Wie es gebil'te Leut' verlonga.

At de picknock oud in Spraker's Wood,
 De bier was soft—de gals were good :
 Oondil von feller, vild und rasch,
 Called out for a Yankee brandy-smash !

A crow vot vas valkin on de vall,
 Fell dead ven he hear dis Dootchmann call ;
 For he knew dat droples coom, py shinks !
 Ven de Dootch go in for Yankee drinks.

De Dootch got ravin droonk ash sin,
 Dey smash de windows out und in ;
 Dey bust und bang de bar-room ein,
 Und call for a bucket of branntewein.

Avay, avay, demselfs dey floong,
 Und a wild infernal lied dey sung :
 'Tvas, " Tam de wein, and cuss de bier !
 Ve tont care nix for de demprance here !

" O keep a pringin juleps in,
 Und baldface corn dat burn like sin ;
 Mit apple todz und oldt shtone fence,
 Ve 'll all get corned ere ve go hence !"

Dey dash deir glasses on de cround,
 Und tanz dill 'tvas all to brick-duss ground,
 Ven dey hear von man had a ten-dollar note,
 De crowd go dead for dat rich man's troat.

A demperance chap vot coomed dere in,
 Vent squanderin out mit his shell bust in ;
 " It 's walk your chalks, you loost your chance,
 Dis vot de call der Dootchman's dance."

Boot ven de law, mit his myrmidon,
 Vas hear of dese Dootchmens' carryins-on,
 Dey sent bolicemen shtern und good,
 To *pull* dose Dootch in Spraker's Wood.

De Dootch vas all gone roarin mad,
 Und trinked mit Spraker all dey had ;
 Dey shpend 'nuf money to last deir life,
 And each vas tantzin mit anoder man's wife.

Dey all cot poonish difers vays,
 Some vent to jug for dirty tays ;
 Und de von dat kilt de demperance man
 Vas kit from de Alderman repriman.

Und dus it ran :—“A warnin dake,
 For you mighdt hafe mate soom pig mishdake,
 Now how vouldt you hafe feeled, py shing !
 If dat man hat peen in de whiskey ring ?

‘ Since you votes mine dicket, of course you know,
 I'm pound to led you shlide und go.
 Boot nefer on whiskey trink your fill,
 For you Dootchmen don't know who to kill.’

Now Deutschers all—on dis warning dink,
 Und don't get troonk on Yankee trink,
 For neider you, or anoder man,
 Can pe hocks like de New York rowdies can.

So trink goot bier, mit musik plest,
For if you tried your level best,
You can't be plackguarts—taint in de plood :
Dus endet de shdory of Spraker's Wood.

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

A GIPSY BALLAD.

HEN der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling, he vas go
bummin aroundt goot deal in de worldt, vestigatin
human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de
Fraentsch boet says: "goin from town to town ;" seein
beobles in gemixed sociedy, und learnin dose languages
vitch ornamendt a drue moskopolite, or von whose kopf ish
bemosst mit experience. Mong oder tongues, ash it would
appeared, he shpoke fluendly, Red Welsh, Black Dootch,
Kauder-Waelsch, Gaunersprache und Shipsy ; und dis latter
languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads
in it,—von of vitch pallads I hafe intuce him mit moosh
droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader
vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace beforo himself de fexation
und lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents, to ged
dese Shipsy verses properly gorrected ; as de only shentle-
man in town who vas culpable of so doin, ish peen gonfined
in de town-brison, pout some droples he hat for shdealin
some hens ; und beforo I couldt consoolt mit him, he vas

rooned afay. Denn I fond an oldt womans Shipsy, who vas do nodings boot peg, und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Derfore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened pooplic, who are familiar mit dis peautiful languashe, vitch is now so shenerally fashionábel in literary und shpordin circles.

F. SCHWACKENHAMMER.

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

Schunava, ke baschno dela godla,

Schunava Paschomàskro.

Te del miro Dewel tumen

Dschavena bachtallo.*

Schunava opré to ruka

Chirikló ke gillela :

Kamovéla but dives,

Eh'me pale kumaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste

Schunava pro gilaviben,

M'akana me avava,

Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

* *Bachtallo dschaven* is the prose form. *Vide Pott's Zigeuner.*

So korava kuribente,
So korava apre dióm ;
Me kanáv miri romni,
So kamela la lákero rom.

DRANSLATION.

I hear de gock a growin !
I hear de musikant !
Gott gife dee a happy shourney
When you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches
A pud mit merry shdrain,
Goot many tays moost fanish
Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times
I 'll hear dat song from dee ;
Boot now I goes ash soldier
To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,
Und vot on de road I shdeal,
I 'll pring all to my true lofe
Who lofes her lofer so well.

STEINLI VON SLANG.

I.

ER watchman look out from his tower
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him :
Und he schvear: " May I lose my next bitter,
Und denn mit der Teufel go hang !
If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

" De vorldt nefer had any such man,
He vights like a sturm in its wrath :
You may call me a recular Dutchman,
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,
More ash sefen feet high on a string,
Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,
De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady make welcome her gast in,
 Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,
 She look like an angel got lost in
 A forest of audumn-prown hair.
 Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried :
 “ I wish I may bust mit a bang !
 If id isn’t a shame she ain’t married
 To der her-je-liche Steinli von Slang !

He pows to de cround foie de lady,
 While his vace ish ash pale ash de tead ;
 Und she vhispers oonto him a rédè
 Ash mit arrow point accents, she said :
 “ You hafe long dimes peen dryn to win me,
 You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,
 Boot I’m ’fraid dat de notion aint in me,
 De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

“ Boot brafehood teserfes a reward, sir ;
 Dough you’ve hardly a chost of a shanse.
 Sankt Werolf ! medinks id ish hard, sir,
 I should allaweil lead you dis dance.”
 Like a bees vhen it booz troo de clofer,
 Dese murmuuin accents she flang,
 While singin, a stingin her lofer,
 Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

“ Boot if von ding you do, I ’ll knock under,
 Our droples moost enden damit.
 Und if you pull troo it,—by donder!
 I ’ll own myself euchred, und bit.
 I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody !
 Py mine honor—and avery ding !
 You may hafe me—soul, puttons, und pody,
 Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling.”

“ Und dis ish de test of your power :—
 While ve shtand ourselfs round in a row,
 You moost roll fiom de dop of dis tower,
 Down shdairs to de valley pelow.
 Id ish rough and ash shtEEP ash my vntue :”
 (Mit schwanensweet accents she sang :)
 “ Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you
 Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang.”

An moormoor aiosed mong de beoples ,
 In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,
 Der vatchman on dop of de shdeeples
 Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
 Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,
 Dey schveared dey vouldt *pass* on de ding,
 Und not roll down de firstest tam steppé
 For a hoondred like Fraulein von Sling.

II

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
 Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,
 Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin,
 Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk.
 Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,
 He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang ;
 Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin :
 De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,
 He see, shoost ahead in his vay,
 In sinkular manner a streakin,
 A strange liddle bein, in cray,
 Who tooined on him quick mit a holler,
 Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,
 Cried, "Say, can you change me a thaler,
 Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling?"

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,
 (De peggars all knowed him at sight),
 So he forked out each groschen und heller,
 Dill he fix de finances aright.
 Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,
 (Der Ritter), astonished cried "Dang!"
 For id vasn't *von* thaler boot *twenty*,
 He 'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater! soopose soosh a vlight in
 De vingers of *me*, or of *you*,
 How we'd toorned on our heels, und gone kitin
 Dill no von vos left to pursue !
 Good Lort! how *we'd* fioze to de ready !
 Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding ;
 For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,
 Dis lofer of Fiaulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
 To dis part of mine dale, shdill id 's drue,
 He drafelled ash if he would dead it,
 Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
 Und loudly he after him hollers,
 Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang :
 " You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,
 Hold hard !" cried der Rittei von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
 Und laidit a cold hand on his plow,
 Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,
 " Vot manner of mordal art dou ?
 I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,
 Und nefer yed met soosh a ding !
 Yet you find it hart work to pe spouse, and
 Peloved by de Lady von Sling !

“ Und she vant you to roll from de tower
 Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot.”
 (Here de knight whom amazement oerbower,
 Cried “ Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott ! ”)
 Boot de oldt veller saidt : “ I ’ll arrange it,
 Let your droples und sorrows co hang !
 Und nodings vill coom to derange it—
 Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

“ So get oop dis small oonderstandin,
 Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear ?
 You ’ll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin ;
 I ’ll also be dere—nefer fear !
 Und I dinks we shall make your young woman
 A new kind of melody sing ;
 Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
 Gott-tamnaple Fraulein von Sling.”

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,
 Vhite moths und white dofes shimmered round,
 All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,
 Mit perfume und vision und sound.
 De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,
 In a harp-like, melotious twang ;
 Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
 Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

III.

Id vas morn, und de voildt hat assempled
 Mid panners und lances und dust,
 Boot de heart of de Paroness trempled,
 Und ofden her folly she cussed.
 For she found dat der Ritter vould *do it*,
 Und “die or get into de Ring,”
 Und denn she’d pe cerdain to rue it,
 Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
 Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,
 He vas friendet to Heini von Steier.
 Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.
 Und she dinked ash she look from de vindars.
 How heizlich his braises dey sang ;
 “Now dey’ll knock my goot name indo flunders,
 For killin der Ritter von Slang.”

Boot oh ! der goot knight had a Schauer,
 Und felt most ongcommonly queer,
 Vhen he find on de top of de dower
 De goblum, pesite him, abbear.
 Denn he find he no more could go valkin,
 Und shtood, shoost an potrified ding,
 While de goblum vent round apout talkin,
 Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling

Denn at vonce he see indo de problum,
 Und vas stoggered like rats at ids *vum* :
 His soul had gone indo de goblum,
 Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.
 Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
 Dere vas “glamour” oopon de whole gang ,
 For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted
 So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt ! how he dalked ! Oonder heafens
 Dere vas nefer soosh deripple witz,
 Knockin all dings to sechses and sefens,
 Und gifn Plectruda, Dutch fits.
 Mein Gott ! how he poonished und chaffed her
 Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding ;
 While de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter
 At Fräulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
 De lady grew ratful und red,
 She felt some Satanical jailer
 Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
 She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin,
 Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
 Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,
 To dis deripple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling
 Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,
 Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,
 Dill she look more a vool dan before
 Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,
 His laughs made it all apout ring ;
 Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy
 Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und when he cot down to de pottom,
 He laugh so to freezeen your plood ;
 Und schwear dat de boomps ash he cot em
 Hafe make him feel petter ash good.
 Boot, oh ! how dey shook at his power,
 When he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
 Und *roll oop* to de dop of de tower,
 To change forms mit de *oder* Von Slang !

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,
 Der Steinle vas coom to himself ;
 Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,
 From dat moment acain vas an elf.
 Dey shdill dinked dat *he* vas de person
 Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,
 Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on
 De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun—endlich—Plectruda repented,
 Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy ;
In dime to pe married consented,
 Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy,
A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
 Vhen geporn vas tiscofered to hang
Mit de inscript—" Dis dime dont refuse em' —
 So endet de tale of Von Slang.

DRESDEN, 1870.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

Si liceret te amare
Ad Suevorum magnum mare,
Sponsam te perducerem

—*Tristitia Amorosa. Frau Aventine,*
von J. V. Scheffel

 WILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?

Denn set it on your card,
Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard.

Dere ish also dings called pronomis,
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know;
Boot ach! de verbs or time-words—
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Denn you allatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oratorio.

When you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
More ash any other man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Dou moost eat apout a peck
A week, of stinging sauerkraut,*

Und sefen pfoundts of speck.
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar.

Und deuce knows vot in rum:
Dis ish de only cerdain vay
To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Brepare dein soul to shtand
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt

In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parentheses

Intwisted—ohne zahl—
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,[†]
For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Du must mitout an fear
Trink afery tay an gallon dry,
Of foamin Sherman bier.

* *Stinging.* An amusing instance of “Bieitmannism” was shown in the fact that an American German editor, in his ignorance of English, actually believed that the word *stinging*, as here given, meant *stinking*, and was accordingly indignant. It is needless to say that no such idea was intended to be conveyed.

† Then only you will be ready in German.

Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
 More Deutsch you 'll surely pe ;
 For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
 Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
 Be sholly, brav, und treu,
 For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
 Who ish not a sholly poy.
 Find out vot means Gemuthlichkeit,
 Und do it mitout fail,
 In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,*
 A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
 If a shendleman dou art,
 Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
 Und get a schveetes heart.
 From Schwabenland or Sachsen
 Vhere now dis writer pees ;
 Und de bretty girls all wachsen
 Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty
 Denn on de oder hand,
 Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
 In de vine green Sherman land.

* In Music and Song all thy life long.

Und if you shoost kit married
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
You 'll learn to sprechen Deutsch mein kind,
Ash fast ash you ~~tesire~~.

DRESDEN, *January 1870.*

LOVE SONG

Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea sponsa.



VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shweet de seas, from pole to pole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-field,
I 'd bet my only pence,
It vouldn't pe no dime at all
Pefore I 'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De renpow rises when she sings,
De sonnshine when she dalk ;
De angels crow und flop deir vings
When she goes out to valk.

So livin white, so carnadine,
Mine lofe's gomplexion show ;
It 's shoost like Abendcarmosine.
Rich gleamin on de shnow.

Her soul makes pluses in her sheek
 Ash sommer ieds de wein,
 Or sonnlight sends a fire life troo
 An blank Kaifunkelstein.

De uberschwengliche idées
 Dis lofe poot in my mind,
 Wouldt make a foost-rate philosoph
 Of any human kind.
 'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet
 An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual ;
 Und treat mitwhiles to Kümmel Schnapps
 De Schoenheitsidéal.

Dein Fuss seind weiss wie Kreiden,
 Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,
 Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden,
 Dein Brust wie Marmelstein—
 Ja—vot de older boet sang,
 I sing of dee—dou Fine !
 Dou 'rt soul und pody, heart und life:
 Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.*

* Thy feet are white as chalk, my love,
 Thy arms are ivoiy bone,
 Thy body is all satin soft,
 Thy breast of maible stone.

Smooth, tender, pure, and fair.

—Liederbuch Pauls von der Helst, 1602.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

AIR—"Der Pabst lebt," &c.

 IE gehts, my frendts—if you'll allow—
 I sings you rite afay shoost now
 Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls
 Der Freyschütz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
 Vhere folk trink prandy mate of plooms ;*
 Dere lified ein Yaeger—Maxerl Schmit—
 Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who
 Says, " Maxerl, dis vill nefer do ;
 If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,
 Dere 'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

" If you do miss, you shtupid coose,
 Dere 'll pe de donnerwetter loose ;
 For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,
 Nor pe der Hertzhog's yaegersmann."

* Slibovitz.

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,
 Dat all de shaps togeder met ;
 Und Max he fired his goon und missed,
 Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind ;
 Boot von shap—Kaspar—saidt, “Ton’t mind ;
 I dells you vot—you stoons ’em alls
 If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls.”

“ De magic balls! oh, vot is dat ?”
 “ I cot soom in my hoontin’ hat ;
 Dey ’re plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue :
 Oh, dem’s de kindt of balls for you

“ You see dat eagle vlyin’ high,
 Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky ;
 Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
 You kills him tead ash doonderblix !”

“ I ton’t believe de dings you say.”
 “ You fool,” says Kasp, “ denn plaze afay !”
 He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,
 Down coom de eagle in de mud.

“ O was ist das ?” said Maxerl Schmit :
 “ Vhy ! dat’s de eagle vot you hit.
 You kills him vhen you plaze afay ;
 Boot dat’s a ding you nix verstay.

" Und you moost go to make dem balls
 To de Wolf's Glen vhen mitnight valls.
 Dow knows't de shpot—alone und late"—
 " Oh ja—I knows him *ganz* foost-rate !

" Boot denn I does not like to co
 Among dem dings." Says Kasp, " Ach, 'sho !
 I 'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,
 Like a goot veller—dake some schnapps ! "

("Hilf Zamiel ! hilf !")—" Here, dake some moie !"
 Denn Kasp vent shtompin' roundt de vloor,
 Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,
 Dill Max saidt, "*Nun—ich gehe mit !*"

All in de finster mitternacht,
 Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,
 Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry
 His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,
 De howls und shpoons pegın to sing,
 Und all the tyfels oonder croundt
 Coom preakin' loose und rooshin' roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along : says he,
 " Mein Gott ! vot dings ish dis I see !
 I dinks de fery tyfel und all
 Moost help to make dem magic ball.

"I vish dat I had *nix cum raus*,
Und shtaid mineself in bett to house."

"Hilf Zamiel!" cried Kasp; "you whelp—
You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help!"

Denn o'op dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,
De tod tengrips aroundt tid schvarm;
De howl shoomped oop und flopt his vings
Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot
Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot;
Und hællisch fire in grimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine-shtick flew
Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to;
Six treadtful shail-pirds mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go;
De hounds und teer all mate of pone,
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,
Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,
 Boot casted out de pullet balls ;
 Six vas to go ash he vouldt like.
 De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,
 De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,
 Und denn dey goed und maked a tantz,
 Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's der Duke—
 Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look :
 “ Young mans,” to Maxerl denn saidt he,
 “ Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree ! ”

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,
 “ Potzblitz ! ” says he, “ dat dove I'll fix ! ”
 He fired his rifle at de *Taub*,
 When Kass rollt ofer in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de doost,
 De gals dey cried, de men dey coossed :
 Der Hertshog says, “ Id's fery glear
 Dat dere has peen some tyfels here !

“ Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei !
 Pfui ! —die verfluchte Hexerei !
 O Maximilian ! O Du
 Gehst nit mit rechten Dingern zu ! ”

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late ;
 Says he, " I 'll fix dese dings foostrate :"
 Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men
 Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgised de Kaspar dann,
 Und mate of him a Yægersmann,
 Vhat shoodts mit bixin goon, und pfeil.
 Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
 Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife ;
 Denn all de beoples gried " Hoorah !
 Das ist recht brav ! und hopsasa ! "

MORAL.

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood
 Dat vhat is pad vorks ofden goot :
 Or, *Maximilia Maximil-*
ibus curantur—if you will.

WEIN GEIST.

 STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
 Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
 Und I rooshed along de strassen,
 Like a deripple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
 I doomplet de soper folk ;
 Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp
 Und bot' of de classes I pioke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
 Like a vild coose on de vings,
 Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
 Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
 I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
 Dill de neighbours shkream "deat!" und "murder!"
 Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter
 Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
 I oop mit mein oomberella,
 Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
 Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
 Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,
 Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
 De hearts-leaf linden dree ;
 Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
 Dat vent like de vind from me.
 Und I voondeis in mine dipsyhood,
 If a damsel or dream vas she !

Dis life is all a lindens
 Mit holes dat show de plue,
 Und pedween de finite pranches
 Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
 Und efery leaf ish a fay,
 Und dey vaît dill de windsbraut comet,
 To pear dem in Fall atay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,
 Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
 —Jahrdausand in, oud, it standet'—
 Und nopoly blays but de shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches,
 Soom melodies here peginned,
 De harpe ward all zu steine,
 Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,
 Vitch hardens de outer Me ;
 Ueber stein and schwein, de weine
 Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',
 Ober stein und wein und svines,
 Dill it endeth vhere all peginnet,
 Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
 In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
 Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,
 Und it burns by waken wein,
 In Madchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch
 Das Absolut ist dein.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Die Speer die er thut fuhren
die ist sehr gross und lang,
Das sollt du glauben mir,
gemacht von Vogelsgang.
Sein Ross das ist die Heide,
das sollt du glauben mir,
Darauf er nun thut reiten,
fuhrwahr das sag ich du.

*Ein schon nerr Lied von dem Mai und
von dem Herbst. 16th century*

I.

PROLOGUE.

BERR SCHNITZERL make a ph'losopede,

Von of de pullyest kind;

It vent mitout a vheel in front,

And hadn't none pehind

Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,

And it vent as sure ash ecks,

For he shtraddled on de axel dree,

Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off

He paddlet mit his feet,

Und soon he cot to go so vast

Dat efery dings he peat.

He run her out on Broader shtreed,
 He shkeeted like der vind,
 Hei ! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
 And lef dem all pehind !

De velleis mit de trottin nags
 Pooled oop to see him bass ;
 De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt :
 “ *Potztausend ! Was ist das ?* ”
 Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
 On—mit a ghastly shmile ;
 He tidn’t touoch de dirt, py shings !
 Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart’ly pliss ?
 Oh, vot ish man’s soocksess ?
 Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings ?
 Und vot ish hobbiness ?
 Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
 Next dings der pank ish preak !
 Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
 When ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
 On his philosopede.
 His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
 When at his exdra shpeed.

He felled opon der vheel of coorse ;
 De vheel like blitzen flew !
 Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
 For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
 Id cot so shkared, men say,
 It pounded onward till it vent
 Ganz tyfelwards afay.
 Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soui ?
 Vhere dos his shbirit pide ?
 In Himmel droo de endless plue,
 It takes a medeor ride.

II.

HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

Vhen Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
 Vas quardered into dwo,
 Und how his crate philosopede
 To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
 He dinked und dinked so heafy,
 Ash only Deutschers can,
 Denn saidt, "Who mighdt peliefet
 Dish is de ent of man ? "

“ De human souls of beoples
 Exisdt in deir idées,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
 Mighdt drafel many vays.
 In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
 Der Fichte makes pelieve,
 Dat ve brogress oon-endly
 In vhat pehindt ve leave.

“ De shparrow falls ground-downvarts.
 Or drafels to de West ;
 De shparrows dat coom afder,
 Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
 Man had not vings or fedders,
 Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
 He tont coom up to shparrows,
 But on nests he goes ahet.

“ O ! vliest dou droo bornin' worldts,
 Und nebuloser foam,
 By monsdrous mitnight shiant forms,
 Or vhere red tyfels roam ;
 Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
 Peyond creation flee ?
 Vhere e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,
 Crate Saindt ! Look town on me !

“ Und deach me how you maket
 Dat crate philosopede,
 Which roon dwice six mals vaster
 Ash any Arap shteed.
 Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
 Und knock dem oud de shpots.
 Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,
 Und pring id down to dots !”

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
 Hans dinked he saw a vlash,
 Und oonterwards de dable
 He doompelt mit a crash.
 Und to him, moong de glasses,
 Und pottles ash vas proke,
 Mit his het in a cigar-box,
 A foice from Himmel shpoke :

“ *Adsum, Domine Breitmann !*
Herr Copitain, here I pe !
So dell me rite honste,
Quare inquietasti me ?
Te video inter spoonibus,
Et largis glassis too,
Cerevisia repletis,
Sicut percussus tonitru !”

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl ;
 " *Coardor nimis, see !*
Siquidem Philistium
Pugnant adversum me.
Ergo vocavi te,
 Ash Saul vocavit Sam-
Uel, ut mi ostenderes
Quid teufel facram ?"

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)
 Saidt " *Bene, dat's de talk,*
Non habes in hoc shanty,
 A shingle et some chalk ?
Non video inkum nec calamos
 (I shpose some bummer shdole 'em),
Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum !"

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk
 Which riset vrom de vloor,
 Und signed a fine philosophede
 Alone, oopon de toor.
 De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,
 Und onderneat' he see :
Probate inter equitibus
 (Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloor,
 Und leanet on a post ;
 Und saidt : " If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
 Dat vouldt, mighdt peen a ghosdt ;
 Boot if id pe nouomenon,
 Phenomenoned indeed,
 Or de soobyectif obyectified,
 I 'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
 Ash vork in iron-steel,
 To make him a philosopede
 Mit shoost an only vheel.
 De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,
 For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,
 Mit a dwo-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
 In learnin' for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
 Dat rollen in de tide.
 De dimes he cot oopsettet,
 In shdeerin' left und righdt,
 Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,
 Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de voistest of de veadures
 In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
 Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
 Pefore he get oopset.
 Some dimes he co like plazes,
 Und doorn her, extra-fine ;
 Und denn shlop ofer—dis is hot
 Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
 To make dis 'vention go,
 Vas nefer seen py mordal man,
 Oopon dis vorlvt pelow.
 He doomplet righdt—he doomplet left,
 He hafe a dousand doomps ;
 Dere nefer vas a cricket ball
 Ash get soosh 'feinal boomps.

Boot—ash he 'd shvearet he 'd poot it droo,
 He shveart it moost pe tone ;
 Dough he schimpft' und flucht' *gar læsterlich*,
 He visht he 't ne'er pegun.
 Mit "Hagel ! Blitz ! Kreuz-sakrament!"
 He maket de Houser ring,
 Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
 For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun-goot ! At lasht he cot it,
 Und peautifool he goed,
 "Dis day," saidt he, "I 'll 'stonish folk
 A ridin' in de road.
 Dis day, py shings ! I 'll do it,
 Und knock dings oud of sight :"—
 Ach weh !—for Breitemann dat day
 Vas not be-markt mit vhite.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk,
 Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
I dink, in soper earnst-hood,
 Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.
 For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
 Mein Gott !—boot dey wer'n dry ;
 Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
 Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
 De fery coondry shook,
 Und people's shkreet, " Da ist er !—Schau !
 Here cooms der Breitmann, look !"
 Mein Gott ! vas efer soosh a sighdt !
 Vas efer soosh a gry !
 Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
 Der Breitemann roosh py ?

Oh mordal man ! Vhy ish idt, dou
 Hast passion to go vast ?
 Vhy ish id dat te tog und horse
 Likes shbeed too quick to lasht ?
 De pugs, de pirds, de pumble-pees,
 Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem,
 Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,
 Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew ! Von mighdy gry
 Ash he vent scootin' bast ;
 Von derriple, drementous yell ;—
 Dat day de virst—und lasht.
 Vot ha ! Vot ho ! Vhy ish it dus ?
 Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht ?
 Vhy cooms dat vail of vild deshbair ?
 Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht ?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
 Shbeak, soul !—it ish dy biz !
 Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along
 Dey fairly heard him whizz.
 Vhen shoost oopon a hill-top point
 It caught a pranch ge-bent,
 Und like an apple from a shling,
 Afay Hans Breitmann vent

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet
 Allowin' more or lees :—
 Denn, *pob—pob—pob*—a mile or dwo
 He rollet along—I guess.
 Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball
 Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,
 Like made of gummi-lasticum ?—
 So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in,
 No wort der Breitmann shboke.
 Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke.
 “ He rollt de rocky road entlang,
 He pounce o'er shtock und shtone,
 You'd dink he'd knocked his outsites in,
 Yet nefer preak a pone !”

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied
 He seemt not mind de shaps,
 Nor mofed oontil der medicus
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
 De schmell voke oop de boetry
 Of tays when he vas yoong,
 Und he murmulte de fragmends
 Of an sad romantish song :

“Ash sommer pring de roses
 Und roses pring de dew,
 So Deutschland gifes de maidens
 Who fetch de bier for you.
 Komm Maidelein ! rothe Waengelein !
 Mit wein-glass in your paw !
 Ve ’ll get troonk among de roses,
 Und lie soper on de shtraw !

“Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
 Vitch plow o’er Burg und hill,
 Hard times pring in de landlord,
 Und de landlord pring the pill.
 Boot sing Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !
 Mit wein-glass in your paw !
 Ve ’ll get troonk among de roses,
 Und lie soper on de shtraw !”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewards,
 Boot efer on de vay
 He nefer shpeaket no man,
 Und nodings else couldt say,
 Boot, “ Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !
 Mit wein-glass in her paw,
 Ve ’ll get troonk among de roses,
 Und lie soper on de shtraw !”

Dey laid der Hans im bette,
 Peneat' de eider doun,
 Und sembelet all de doktors
 Who doktor in de town,—
 Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,—
 For Breitmann alvays says,
 De Deutschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idées.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
 Dat vork ash Caféopath,
 Und de learned Cobus Schoepfeskopf,
 Who use de milchy bath ;
 Und Korschalitschky aus Boehmen,
 Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
 Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobbich aus Westfalen,
 Who mofe all eart'ly ills
 Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,
 Und Pumpernickel pills.
 Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
 Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
 Und von who shkare tiseases
 Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,
 Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
 Who practise "renovation"
 Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
 Or dreatet ash a tunce,
 Dey 'greed to dry deir sysdems
 Opon Breitmann—all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exscepdition
 Of gifin' Schlesier-wein :
 For de remedy vas dangerfull
 For von who trink from Rheir.
 Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,
 Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
 Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
 Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
 Und woonderfool to dell,
 He coom to his Gesundheit,
 Und pooty soon cot vell.
 Some hinted at *Natura*,
 Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,
 Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
 Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
More newly has pegun ;
Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
Mit Dana of de *Sun*.
Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
Und volk say de end vill pe,
Philosopedal shanges
In de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage !
Gott helf de Indi-án !
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan !
Und denn, to sing his braises,
I'll write anoder lied :
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
Of Breitmann's Philosopede !

DIE SCHÖNE WITTWE.

(DE POOTY VIDOW.)

I.

VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG.

“  AT pooty liddle vidow
Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name.
Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,
A-doin' shoost de same.
De glerks aroundt de gorners
Somedimes goes round to zee
How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,
Und ask 'er how she pe.
Dey lofes her ver' goot liquoer,
Dey lofes her liddle shtore;
Dey lofes her little paby,
But dey lofes die widow more.

The author does not know who wrote the first part of “Die Schone Wittwe.” It appeared about 1856, and “went the round of the papers,” accumulating as it went several additions or rejoinders, one of which was that by Hans Breitmann

To dalk mit dat shveet vidow,
 Ven she hands das lager round,
 Vill make der shap dat does id
 Pe happy, ve'll be pound.
 Dat ish if we can vell pelieve
 De glerks vat drinks das beer,
 Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
 Put simply for to zee her."

I..

HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

Oh yes I know die wittwe,
 Mit eyes so prite und proun !
 She 's de allerschoenste wittwe
 Vot live in dis here down.
 In her plack silk gown—mine grashious !—
 All buttoned to de neck—
 Und a pooty liddle collar,
 Mitout a shpot or shpeck.
 Ho ! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—
 You cant begin to shine
 When de lofely vidder cooms along—
 Dis vidder ash ish mine !
 Ho ! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,
 You Englishers und sooch.

You cant pegin to coot me out,
Mitout you dalks in Dootch.
Ich hab die schœne wittwe
Schon lange nit gesehn,
Ich sah sie gestern Abend
Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.
Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut,
Die Augen hell und klar.
Ich hab sie sechsmal auch geküsst—
Potztausend ! das ist wahr.*

* I had not seen for many days
The handsome widow's face;
I saw her last night standing
By her counter, full of grace.
With cheeks as pure as milk and blood,
With eyes so bright and blue,
I kissèd her full well six times,
Indeed, and that is true.

BREITMANN IN BATTLE.

“TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS DIGNUM
POTUERE ERJAGERE LOBUM.”

“Hiltibrath enti Hadubrant”

DER FADER UND DER SON.*

“ DINKS I'll go a vightin'”—outshpoke der Breitemann,

“It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy-eight since I kites swordt in hand;

Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin' in.”

“If you go land out-ridin',” said Caspar Pickletongue,

“Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels
prave and young,

Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey 'll split you like a clam”—

“For dat,” spoke out der Breitmann, “I doos not gare one
tam!

* This ballad is a parody of Das Hildebrandslied. Consult Wacker-nagel's Lesebuch, and Das kleine Heldenbuch.

“Ich vill zum Land ausreiten,
Spiach sich Maister Hilteprand.”

"Who der Teufel pe's de repels, und vhere dey kits deir
sass?

If dey make a run on Breitmann he'll soon let out de
gas;

I'll shplit dem like kartoffels: I'll shlog em on de kop;
I'll set de plackguarts roonin' so, dey don't know vhere to
shtop."

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger py his
side:

"Forvarts, my pully landsmen! it's dime to run and ride;
Vill ride, vill vighten—der Copitain I'll pe,
It's sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de Cavallrie!"

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to pe seen,
Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a ride'n' on de creen;
Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommard
Says he, "Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein Fader-
land?"

"You're dressed oop like a shentleman mit your plack-
guart Yankee crew,
You mudsills and meganics! Der Teufel put you droo!
Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und dake your liddle
horn,
Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse"—der Breitmann laugh
mit shkorn.

"Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost mine self
to home?"

I 'fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat' my
thoom:

In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman will be
feared

Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—"twas dere he grayed his
peard."

"I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifes him such
a dwist

Dill all de plood roons out, you tamned old Apolitionist!

Your creenpacks, mit your swordt und vatch, right ofer
you moost shell,

Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to h-ll!"

"Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in New
York,

To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de talk;"
De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed deir
sabres dwice,

Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to work vos von pig ding
on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty shmack

Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit and
crack;

Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe his life :

Der Breitmann says : "I guess dem shoomps, you learns dem of your wife."

" If I should learn of womans I dinks it vere a shame,
 Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and game.
 My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
 Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I 'll split your vaggin' tongue ! "

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt gray-pearded man—

For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat sword he ran.

All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms oldt Breitmann pound,

Und shlinded him down oopon his pack and laidt him on der ground.

" Who rubs against olt kittel-pots may keep white—if he can,
 Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis oldt shentleman ?
 Your dime is oop ; you got to die, und I your breest vill pe ;
 Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas ? If so, I lets you free." *

* The Republicans in America weie for a long time iudiculed by their opponents as if professing to be guided by Moral Ideas, *i.e.*, Emancipation, Progress, Harmony of Interests, &c.

"I don't know nix apout ideas—no more dan 'pout Saint Paul,

Since I've been down in Tixey I kits no books at all;
I'm greener ash de clofer-grass; I'm shtupid as a shpoon;
I'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune*.

"Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,

She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;
Dey say he leaf some property—berhaps 'tvas all a sell—
If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty vell."

"Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?
Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?"

Der Breitmann poolled his hand-shoe off und shooked him py de hand;

"Ve'll hafe some trinks on strengt' of dis—or else may I pe tam'd!"

"Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop," der younger Breitmann said;

"I'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mein own headt!"

"Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit a blaster;

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisasder."

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper tide,
Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did
ride.

Vot years der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory!
Who's dat a ridin' py his side? "Dis here's mein son,"
says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly he kit
down!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de beer so
prown!

But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at
one.

"Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou art mein
son!"

Der one has got a fader; de oder found a child.
Bofe ride opon one war-path now in pattle fierce und vild.
It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so suc-
ceed—

Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S LIED.

BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

 ER BREITMANN mit his company
Rode out in Marylandt.

“ Dere’s nix to trink in dis countrie ;
Mine droat’s as dry as sand.
It’s light canteen und haversack,
It’s hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
Und if ve had some lager beer
I’d trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve’d trink oontil ve boorst.*

“ Herr Leut’nant, take a dozen men,
Und ride dis land around !
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
Dill somedings goot is found.
Gotts-donder ! men, go ploonder !
Ve hafn’t trinked a bit

* *Gling, glang, gloria*, was a common refrain in the 16th century, in German drinking songs.

“ Gling, glang, gloria,
Die Sau hat ein Panzer an.”

Tractatus de Ebrietate Vitanda.

Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had beer
 I 'd sauf oontil I shplit !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Ve 'd sauf oontil ve shplit !

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs
 Coom rattlin' droo de camp ;
 "Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere
 Herr Copitain—ve moost tromp !
 De scouds have found a repel town,
 Mit repel davern near,
 A repel keller in de cround,
 Mit repel lager beer ! !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 All fool of lager beer ! "

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !
 How Breitmann broked de bush !
 "O let me see dat lager beer !
 O let me at him rush !
 Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
 Und is mein var-horse goot ?
 To get one quart of lager beer
 I 'd shpill a sea of ploot.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 I 'd shpill a sea of ploot.

“ Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
 One hoonderd strong are ve ;
 Who gares a tam for all de odds
 Vhen men so dursty pe.”
 And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
 Like donder-polts dey fly,
 Rash fort as der vild yæger cooms
 Mit blitzen droo de shky.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
 De moundains, drees, und hedge ;
 How left und rite de yæger corps
 Vent donderin’ droo de pridge.
 Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
 Vhere not some pridges pe :
 All drippin’ in de moondlight peam
 Stracks vent de cavallrie.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Der Breitmann’s cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
 Oonheedin’ vet or try ,
 Und horse und rider shnort and blowed,
 Und shparklin’ bepples fly.

Ropp ! Ropp ! I shmall de parley-prew !
 Dere's somedings goot ish near.
 Ropp ! Ropp !—I scent de kneiperei ;
 Ve've got to lager beer !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Ve've got to lager beer !

Hei ! how de carpine pullets klinged
 Oopon de helmets hart !
 Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;
 Du alter Knasterbart !
 De contrapands dey sing for shoy
 To see de rebs go down,
 Und hear der Breitmann grimly ḡiy :
 Hoorah !—ve've dook de down.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria, victoria !
 De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
 And vild husaren shout
 De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
 Und rolled de lager out ;
 Und in the coorlin' powder shmoke,
 Vhile shtill de pullets sung,
 Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,

A knockin' out de boong.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria ! Encoria !
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
 While yet his hand was red,
 A trinkin' lager from his poots
 Among de repel tead.*
 'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight
 Along der moundain side ;
 'Tvas dus dey help make history !
 Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.
 Gling, glang, gloria ,
 Victoria ! Victoria !
 Cer'visia, encoria !
 De treadful mitnight ride
 Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
 All famous, broad, und vide

* The boot was a favourite drinking cup during the Middle Ages. The writer has seen a boot-shaped mug, bearing the inscription,

“ Wer . sein . Stiefel . nit . trinken . kan .

Der . ist . furwahr . kein . Teutscher . man ”

There is an allusion to this boot-cup in Longfellow's “Golden Legend,” where mention is made of a jolly companion

—“ who could pull
 At once a postilion's jack-boot full,
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,
 If they could not give him the other one.”

BREITMANN AS A BUMMER.

 ER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop on his
coorse,

He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his horse.

“ Dere's a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,

Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak !”

Wthen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,

There coomed a young orterly gallopin' fast,

Who gry mit amazement . “ Herr Shen'ral ! Goot Lord !

Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin' der ford !”

Der Shen'ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,

But opened his lips und he priefly say “ D——n!

Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer ;

To get it dose shaps would set hell in a shiver ;

But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid :

Ho Sickles ! move promp'ly, send down a prigade !

Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword

If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.”

Dey spoored on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,
 But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too late,
 For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
 So on to de Bummers de repels coom down :
 Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
 Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad ;
 Und Seppelr—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
 But shoost "*Mutier Goties!*" und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
 Einer aus Boblingen*—he too vash dere—
 Karlı of Karlsruh's shot near de fence
 (His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens),
 Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought
 Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash caught ;
 Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
 For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
 Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits ;
 But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet
 Dat Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.

* The German equivalent for a native of Little Pedlington. It is a Suabian joke, commemorated in a popular song, to inquire in foreign and remote regions, "Is there any good fellow from Boblingen heie?"

“ He has more on his pipe* as dem vellers allows,
He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
Dey ’ll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford.”

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oopdone,
Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone ;
Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.
Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
Dat Sherman’s great Sharman cood nefer more trink.
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin’ und vailen’ vas hoor’d,
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

* “Sonst etwas auf dem Rohr habem”—something else on the pipe or tube—meaning a plan or idea, kept to one’s self, is a German proverbial expression, which occurs in one of Langbein’s humorous lyrics.

SECOND PART.

N dulce jubilo now ve all sings,
 A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.
 De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,
 Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt ;
 Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
 For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea

Dere 's a gry from de guart—dere 's a clotter und dramp,
 When dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp
 Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and awe
 In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw ;
 Und he shpeak me in Fræntsch, like he always do: "Look !
Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu !—dere ish Breitmann—his spook !
 He ish goming dis vay ! *Nom de garce !** can it pe
 Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea !"

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,
 For risin' all swart on de efenin' red

* "*Nom de garce,*" as an anagram of *nom de grace*, occurs in Rabelais.

Vas Johannes—der Breitman—der war es, bei Gott!
 Coom ridin' to oos-vard, right shtraight to de shpot !
 All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,
 For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz ;
 Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say “Ave Morie !
 Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea!”

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
 Und be-mark dat de shpoock hat peen changin' his clothes,
 For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
 In a vlammin' new coat und magnificent vest.
 Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
 Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaisar he bore,
 Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
 Moost hafe proken some panks on his vay to de sea.

“ Id is he ! ” “ *Und er lebt noch !* ” he lifes, ve all say:
 “ Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann ! —Hans Breitmann !
Herr Je ! ”

Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find
 Dat vherefer he 'd peen, he 'd left noding pehind.
 In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
 Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
 In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
 Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen shpoons,
 Und dwo silber tea-pods foı makin' his dea,
 Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot swoed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
 Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.
 Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,
 Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.
 Den t'vas "Here's to you, Breitmann ! Alt Schwed" *—*bist*
zuruck?

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights week?"
 Und ve holds von shtupendous and deripple shpree
 For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
 Vot he tid ; vot he pass droo—or vot he might seen?
 Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem woons,
 Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods und
 shpoons?
 For to all of dem queeries he only reblies,
 "If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies!"
 So 'twas glear dat some deripple mysh'dry moost pe
 Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells deripple lies
 How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir sooplies :
 For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant
 Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.

* An expression only used in reference to seeing again some jolly old friend after long absence—"Uns kommt der alte Schwed."

But 'tis vhispered dat while a refolfer'll go round
Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found ;
Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder !—not he,
Vhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

"Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem canonicam esse rem haud ita periculosam, sed valde amoenam, si modo vinum, groggio et cibi praesto sunt."

—*Novissimae Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum, Berolini F Berggold, 1869* Epistola xxiii, p 63.



'VAS near de state of Nashfille,
In de town of Tennessee,
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.

Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,
He vouldn't let dem go ;
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,
Und denn he madly shvore ;
"Crate h—l, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,
Can *dis* pe makin war ?

Verdamint pe all der discipline !

Verdammt der Shenerál !

Vere I vonce on de road, his will,

Vere wurst mir und egâl.*

“ Oh where ish all de plazin roofs

Dat claddened vonce mine eyes ?

Und where de crand plantaschions

Vhere ve gaddered many a brize ?

Und where de plastered shpies ve hung

A howlin loud mit fear ?

Und where de rascal push-whackers

Ve shashed like vritened deer ?

“ De roofs are shtandin fast and firm

Mit repels blottin oonder ;

De crand blantashions lie round loose

For Moigan’s men to ploondeer !

* *Wurst*, literally sausage, is used by German students to signify indifference. When a sausage is on the table, and one is asked with mock courtesy which part he prefers, he naturally replies—“ Why, it is all sausage to me.” I have heard an elderly man in New England reply to the query whether he would have “ black meat or breast.” “ Any part, thank ‘ee—I guess it’s *all turkey*.” There are, of course, divers ancient and quaint puns in Pennsylvania, on such a word as *wurst*. Thus it is said that a northern pedlar, in being served with some sausage of an inferior quality, was asked again if he would have some of the *wurst*. Not understanding the word, and construing it as a slight, he replied to his hostess—“ No, thank you, marm, this is quite bad enough.” The literal meaning of this line, which is borrowed from Scheffel’s poem of *Perkéo*, is “ indifferent, and equal, to me.”

De shpies go valkin out und in,
 Ash sassy ash can pe ;
 Und in de woods de push-whackers
 Are makin foon of me !

“ Oh vere I on my schimmel grey
 Mein sabre in mein hand,
 Dey should drack me py de ruins
 Of de houses troo de land.
 Dey should drack me py de puzzards
 High sailen ofer head,
 A vollowin der Breitmann's trail
 To claw de repel dead.”

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
 Who had théories of Gott :
 “ O Breitmann, dis ish shoogdement on
 De vays dat you hafe trot.
 You only lifes to joy yourself,
 Yet you, yourself moost say,
 Dat self-defelopment requires
 De réligiös Idée.”

Dey sat dem down und argued id,
 Like Deutschers vree from fear,
 Dill dey schmoke ten pfoundz of knaster,
 Und drinked drei fass of bier.

Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
 Boot Veit he had him denn ;
 For he dook him on de angles
 Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,
 Ish known in efeiy glime,
 Und dat to grin und bear it
 Vas healty und sooplime.

“ For mine Sout German Catolicks,
 Id vas pe goot, I know ;
 Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,
 If vonce to shoorsh dey go.

“ Boot how vas id mit oders,
 Who dinks philosophie ?
 I don't begreif de matter,”
 Said Stossenheim : “ Denn see.
 De more dat shoorsh disgooostet you,
 Und make despise und bain,
 De crater merid ish to go,
 Und de crater ish your gain.

“ I know a liddle shooish mineself,
 Oopon de Bole Jack road :
 (De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
 Ash into shoorsh dey goed).

Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
Und do id in a tay :
Gott only knows vot dings you mighdt
Bick oop, opon de vay."

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
Vas at de tent id's toor—
“ Dere's twenty bar'l's of whiskey, hid,
In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
It in de cellar, true,
No libin man dat secret knows,
'Cept only me an' you.”

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried : “ O Captain Breitmann, see,
Die finger Providence.”
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,
Says he, “ Pe 't hit or miss,
I 'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis.”

“ Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,
Ve 'll ride to shoorsch to-day,
Each man ash hasn't cot a horse
Moost shtean von, rite afay.

Dere 's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
 Mit hoises on de loose,
 You men ash vants some hoof-irons,
 Look out und crip deir shoes."

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
 Rode out py moonen shine,
 De cotton fields in shimmelin light,
 Lay white as elfenbein.
 Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,
 Und men who rode afay,
 In de road a-velterin in his ploot,
 A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,
 " Vhile shtandin at my post,
 De guerillas got first shot at me,"
 Und so gafe oop de ghost.
 Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
 Said : " Sah—dose grillers all
 Is only half a mile from hy'ar,
 A dancin at a ball."

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out
 Ash if his heart tid schvell :
 " I 'll gife dem music at dat pall
 Vill tantz dem indo hell."

Hei !—arrow-fast—a teufel's ride !
 De plack man led de vay,
 Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—
 Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word
 Boot galloped from de gloom,
 Und, bang !—a hoonderd carpine shots
 Dey fired indo de room.
 Oop vent de groans of wounded men,
 De fittlin died away :
 Boot some of dem vere tead pefore
 De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots
 Troo window und troo door,
 Boot bang and clang de Germans gife
 Anoder volley more.
 “Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsch !”
 Aloudt de orders ran.
 “I kess I paid dem for dat shot,”
 Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair
 Shone gaily o'er de hill,
 All violet plue de shky crew teep
 In rifer, pond, und rill ;

All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
 Coom oop troo dimmerin wood ;
 All shnowy vite in mornin light
 De shoorsh pefore dem shtood.

“ Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
 To drill mit solemn fear ;
 Und ring also dat Lumpenglock
 To pring de beoples here.
 Und if it prings guerillas down,
 Ve ’ll gife dem, py de Lord,
 De low-mass of de sabre, and
 De high-mass of de cord.*

“ Du, Eberlé aus Freiburg,
 Du bist ein Musikant,
 Top-sawyer on de counterpoint
 Und buster in discánt,
 To dee de soul of musik
 All innerly ish known,
 Du canst mit might fullenden
 De art of orgel-ton.”

“ Derefore, a Miserére
 Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
 Und vake be-raiséd yearnin,
 Also a holy feel :—

* It was, I believe, Ragnar Lodbrog who, in his Death Song, spoke, about as intelligently and clearly as Herr Breitmann, of a mass of weapons.

Pe referent, men—rememper
 Dis ish a Gotteshaus—
 Du Conrad—go along de aisles
 Und schenk de whiskey aus !”

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
 Beethoven, und Méhul,
 Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
 Sooplime and peaudiful.
 Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
 De tears roon down his fuss ;
 Und he sopped out, “Gott verdammich—dis
 Ist wahres Kunstgenuss !”*

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high,
 He maket de rafters ring ;
 Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
 Ve heardt der Breitmann sing
 Like a dronin wind in piney woods,
 Like a nightly moanin sea :
 Ash de dinked on Sonntags long agone
 Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
 High oop de orgel blowed,
 Und plentifuller efer yet
 Around de whiskey goed.

* Is true art-enjoyment.

Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey
 Might indo Himmel win :—
 I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
 Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
 Mit doost-clouds troo de door,
 All plack ash night in golden lighdt
 Dere shtood ein schwartzter Mohr,
 Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
 Mit eye-palls glaring roun,
 Who cried “For Gott’s sake, hoory oop !
 De reps ish gomin down !”

Und while he yet was shpeakin,
 A far-off soundt pegan,
 Down rollin from de moundain
 Of many a ridersmann.
 Und while de waves of musik
 Vere rollin o’er deir heads,
 Dey heard a foice a schkreeemin,
 “ File out of thar, you Feds !

“ For we uns ar’ a comin
 For to guv to you uns fits,
 And knock you into brimstun
 And blast you all to bits”—

Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,
Der vas order in de band,
Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
Doth make a splurgin flung,
Und ash eagles dab de fish-hawks
Ash if de gods vere young.
So from all de doors and vindows,
Like shpiders down deir webs
De Dootch went at deir horses,
Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
Vere in dat pattle rush,
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,
Py efery fence and bush.
Ash panters vight mit crislies
In famished morder fits—
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
So quickly vas it o'er,
O, vhy moost I forefer
Pestain mine page mit gore?

Py liddle und py liddle
 Dey drawed demselfs afay,
 Oft toornin' round to vighten
 Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
 De scatterin gries more shlow,
 Und furder troo de forest
 Ve heared dem vainter grow.
 Ve gife von shout—"Victoria!"
 Und denn der Breitmann said,
 Ash he wiped his ploody sabre:
 "Now, poys, count oop your dead!"

Oh small had been our shoutin
 For shoy, if ve had known
 Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,
 Lay dyin all alone.
 While his oldt white horse mit droopin het
 Look dumbly on him doun,
 Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyest dou here
 While fightin's goin on?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier
 Slow dyin on de eart;
 Of a schloss afar in Baden,
 Of his mutter, und nople birt!

Of poverty and sorrow,
 Vhich drofe him like de wind,
Und he sighed, " Ach weh for de lofed ones,
 Who wait so far pehind !

" Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains !
 Wohl auf—well ofer de sea !
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
 Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
 Und sings a liddle hymn,
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
 Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

" But mordal life ends shortly
 Und Heafen's life is long :—
Wo bist du Breitmann ?—glaub'es—*
 Gott suffers noding wrong.
Now I die like a Christian soldier,
 My head oopon my sword :—
In nomine Domini !”—
 Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
 Vhen Stossenheim vas found.
Efen from dose dere lyin
 Fast dyin on de ground.

* Where are thou Breitmann ?—Believe it.

Boot time vas short for vaiten,
De shades vere gadderin dim :
Und I nefer shall forget it
De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
Vas all de funeral knell ;
De ring of sporn und carpine
Vas all de sacrin bell.
Mit hoontin knife und sabre
Dey digged de grave a span,
From German eyes blue gleamin
De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
De plessed cross ve made,
Und put it vhere de soldier's head
Towards Germany vas laid.
Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
De cross is goned afay :
Boot Gott will find der reiter
Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
Und dinkin of de dead,
Und dinkin of de organ,
To Nashville, Breitmann led.

Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,
Shtill dinkin o'er de heart's friend,
He 'd left im gruenen wald.*

De verses of dis boem
In Heidelberg I write .
De night is dark around me
De shtars apove are bright.
Studenten in den Gassen †
Make singen many a song ;
Ach Faderland !—wie bist du weit !
Ach Zeit !—wie bist du lang ! ‡

* In the green wood.

† Students in the streets.

‡ Oh Fatheiland !—how art thou far !
Oh Time !—how ait thou long !

BREITMANN IN KANSAS.

HONCE oopon a dimes, goot while afder der var vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud Vest, drafellin' apout like efery dings—“*circuivit terram et perambulavit eam,*” ash der Teufel said ven dey ask him : “ How vash you und how you has peen ? ”

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und shendle-mans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey singed songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say : “ Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans Breitmann’s Party ? ” Den Hans say : “ *Ecce Gallus !* I am dat rooster ! ” Den der Hans dook a trink und a let-bencl und a biece of baper, und goes indo himself a little dimes und den coomes out again mit dis boem :

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
He drafel fast und far ;
He rided shoost drei dousand miles
All in von rail-roat car.

* Full details of this excursion were published in a pamphlet, entitled “Three Thousand Miles in a Railroad Car,” and also in letters written by Mr J. G. Hazzard for the *New York Tribune*.

He knowed foost rate how far he goed—
 He gounted all de vile,
 Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,
 Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 I dell you vot, my poy,
 You bet dey hat a pully dimes
 In crossin' Illinoy.
 Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk
 A shtandin' in de car ;
 Den ask dem in to dake a trink,
 Und corned em *ganz und gar.*

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas :
 By shings ! dey did it proun.
 When he got into Leafenvort,
 He found himself in town.
 Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
 More goot as man could dink ;
 Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,
 Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 He vent it on de loud.
 At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,
 He foundt a pully crowd.

He looked for bleedin' Kansas,
 But dat's "blayed out," dey say;
 De whiskey keg's de only dings
 Dat's bleedin' deie to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
 To see vot he could hear.
 He foundt soom Deutscheis dat exisdt
 Py makin' lager beer.
 Says he: "*Wie gchts du Alt Gesell?*"
 But nodings could be heard;
 Dey'd growed so fat in Kansas
 Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
 Py shings! I dell you vot,
 Von day he met a crisly bear
 Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott!*
 Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear
 Und bleased him fery much—
 For efery vordt der crisly growled
 Vas goot Bavarian Dutch!

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas!
 By donder dat is so!
 He ridet oout upon de blains
 To shase de boofalo.

He fired his rifle at the bools,
 Und gallop droo de shmoke,
 Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
 Der teufel vas a choke !

It's hey de trail to Santa Fé'
 It's ho ! agross de plain ;
 It's lope along de Denver road,
 Until ve toorn again.
 Und de railroad drafel after us
 Apout as quick as ve ;
 Dis Kansas ish de fastest land
 Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 He have a pully dime ;
 But 'twas in old Missouri
 Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
 Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
 Und all der nobs around ;
 Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him
 Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
 Und made his carpine pop !
 Ven he shoteed at a drifer man
 To make de wagon shdop.

A noble *Tribune* shendleman,
Shoost dodged dat pullet's bore,
Und de driver shwore dat soosh a crowd
He nefer druv pefore.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
Droo all dis earthly land,
A vorkin' out life's mission here
Soobyectify und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie ;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal shpree !

HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

" Hæc est illa bona dies
Et vocata læta quies
Vina sitientibus.

" Nullus metus, nec labores,
Nulla cura, nec dolores,
Sunt in hoc symposio "

[*De Generibus Ebriosorum, Francoforii
ad Mænum, A D 1585.*

D vas on Weihnachtsabend—vot Ghristmas Eſe dey
call—

Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik
Hall;

Ash de Breitmen und die women who vere in de Lieder-
kranz

Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin
tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall' mid pushes so nople to pe seen,
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt creen :
De laties work like teufels dwo tays to scroob de vloor,
Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKOMM ! oop de toor !

Und while dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur tid say,
 Dat Breitmann he vas *liederlich* : ve ant-worded dis-a way,
 Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red :
 “ Our *Leader* lick de repels ! N.G.” (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de veller baint,
 Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id, vas enof to shvear
 a saint,

For ve wanted LA GERMANIA ;—boot der ardist mit a
 bloonder,

Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id—und denn poot MANIA
 oonder !

“ Now ve moost pe guest-friendlich,” said Breitemann,
 said he ;

“ Und shoot te toor vide oben, for people all to see.

Four elemends indernally united make a punsch ;

Boot id *dakes* a tausend fellers vhen you gifes dem freie
 lunsch.”

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh weren
 im Hall ;

I shvears you id vas Gott-full—dat shplendit, peglory’d ball ;
 Ve hat foon *wie der Teufel in Frankreich*—ve coot oop like
 der teufel in France,

Und valk pair-wise in, while de musik blayed loudt de
 Fackel-Tanz.

Boot vhen de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went out of fits,
 Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de lofely
 Helmine Schmitz.

He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a peaudiful
 solemn shmile,

Und Helmine say he nefer shtop *poussiren* alla weil.

"Es tœnt, es rauschet Saitenklang—I hear de musik call
Den kerzenhellen Saal entlang—all droo de gleamin' Hall.
O mæcht ich schweben stolz und froh—O mighdt I efer pe
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so!—mine Lebenlang by dee!"

Und vaster blay de musik de *Wellen und Wogen* von
 Strauss;

Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of dem drop *aus*;
 Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin'
 vloor,

So de shpinners shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey couldn't
 shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, *und lauter guter ding*,

Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder—vhen ve hear some glasses
 ring;

Foors mild und sonft in de distants—like de song of a
 nightingall,

Denn a ringin' und rottlin' und clotterin'—ash de Glück of
 Edenhall?

Hei! how ve roosh on de liquor!—hei: how de kellners
coom:

Hei! how ve busted de bier-kegs und poonished de *Punsch a la Rhum.*

Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant shore—
Like an awful shtorm in de Wælder—vas de dirsty
Deutschers' roar!

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece—I pyed shoost fifdy-
dwo,

Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—by doonder
how dey flew!

I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake de pool!*

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in any roog,
De trumpets blowed *tan da ra dei*, und dere come in a
Maskenzug,

A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and sooplime,
De maimorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda, doo,
De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses
plue;

* In American-German festivals, cards are sometimes sold by the quantity, which are "good" for refreshments. This is done to avoid trouble in making change.

Denn vollowed Quintilius Varus who carry a Roman joker,
Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane Chroc.

Der alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der crate,
Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in shtate ;
Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes our heartsen
pleed,
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled
shplendid witz
In anti-word to dis quesdion from de lofely Mina Schmitz :
“Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers so
andiquadet?”
“Vhy—dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapidated !”

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished droo de
door,
Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin' on
de vloor ;
Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like gulls mit
wings,
Und dei Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve laughet
like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas geborn ;
Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas ober, he plow on a yæger horn,

Und denounce do all de people gesembled in de hall:
 “Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten’, mit bresents for oos all !”

So ve vollowed him into de *zimmer* so quick ash dese vords
 he said,

To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on de dead ;
 Und in facdt a shplendid Wehnachtsbaum mit lighds ve
 druly vound,

Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all round !

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn—a maedchen
 shtraigdt und tall,

She cot a bicture of Cubid—boot she tidnt *see* it ad all,
 Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat all de
 laties dake :

“Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so
 ofden make !”

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did cot,
 A schwingin’ mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot ;
 Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,
 For he kit a yellow gratile mit a liddle wooden Hans

Denn next Beethoven’s Sinfonie, die orkester tid blay ;
Adagio—allegro—andante cantabile.

Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mighdt drops,
 Und de deers roon town der Breitmann’s sheeks, mitwhiles
 he vas trinkin’ schnapps.

Next dings ve had de *Weinnachtstraum* ge-sung by de
Liederkranz,
Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed me
oop for a tantz ;
Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel—we shriek de volk on de
vloor ;
Und boost right indo de sooper room—for ve tanzt a
hole droo de door !

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered, Mann
und Weib ;
“ Rip Sam und sed her oop acain!—ve're all of de Shack-
daw tribe !”
Vhen Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und peg oos
to shtop our din,
Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins marchin'
in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins—dey goed to de end' der
hall,
Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns—dey rolled at
em mit a ball.
De balls vas paintet peaudiful; dey was vifdeen feet
aroundt;
Und de rule ov de came : “ whoefer cot hidt, moost doomple
on de croundt.”

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins—sometimes de oder volk—
 Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shake ;
 Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill we by-nearly
 shplits,
 Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de Mina
 Schmitz. .

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade woid-blayed on,
 Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas tone !
 How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on de
 roadt dat ish *breit* und *krumm* : *
 Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for de
 sooper-room.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for gespickter
 hare,
 Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod,—kaviar :
 Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst which
 lofely shine,
 Und oh, mein Gott im Himmel ! *how* we goed for de Mosel-
 wein !

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker shtill cot
 ve,
 In rosy lighdt shtill drivin on agross a fairy sea ;

* Breitmann and bride-man, *breit* and *krumm* (bende and groom), or
 broad and crooked, etc.

Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat dish !
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tantzed aroundt de tish.

I 'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore—boot nefer von
like dis ;

De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de pliss.

De while in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-harps
rang

A goosh of goldnen melodie—de Rheinweinbechers' Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song—a droonk of honey'd rhyme—
De b'wildrn-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic dime ;
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin'
mead :—

Here ents in heller glorie schein des Bieitmann's Weih-
nachtslied !

BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN.

ER SCHWACKENHAMMER coom to down,
Pefore de Fall vas past,
Und by der Breitmann drawed he in
Ash dreimals honored gast.
“Led ’s see de sighdts ! In self und worldt,—
Dere ’s ‘sighdts’ for him, to see,
Who Selbstanschauungsvermogen hat,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vanted to de Opera Haus,
Und dere dey vound em blayin’,
Of Offenbach (*der open brook*),
His show spiel Belle Heléne.
“Dere ’s Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach,—
Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree :
I alvays like sooch *brooks* ash dese ;”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
 Which Mishder Astor bilt:
 Some pooks vere only *en broschure*,
 Und some vere pound und gilt.
 “ Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,
 Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,
 De pest tressed vellers guilt de most :”—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edidor,
 Who ’d shanged his flag und doon,
 Und crowed oopon der oder side,
 Dat very afdernoon.
 “ De anciends vorshipped wettercocks,
 To wetter *fanes* pent de knee ;
 Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow !”
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented by a panker’s hause,
 Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
 He only vant a pig red shield
 Hoong oop pefore de toor ;
 One side of red, one side of gold,
 Like de knighds in hisdorie—
 “ De schildern of dat schild is rich,”
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
 Of frames wort' many a cent,
 De property of a shendleman,
 Who oonto Europe vent.
 “Dont gry—he ’ll soon pe pack again
 Mit anoder gallerie :
 He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,”
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson’s house,
 To see his furnidure,
 Sold oud at auclion rite afay,
 Berembdry und sure.
 “He geeps six houses all at vonce,
 Each week a sale dere pe,
 Gotts ! vot a dime his wife moost hafe !”—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
 Long dimes dey roamed apout,
 Von veller had a pran new sort,
 De fery latest out.
 “Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself
 De shmell ish oldt to me ;
 De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,”—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *urst* hotel,
 De prandy make dem creep,
 A trop of id's enough to make
 A brazen monkey veep.
 "Dey say a viner house ash dis,
 Vill soon ge-bildet pe,
 Crate Gott!—vot *can* dey mean to trink?"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,
 Dey saw vrom haus to haus,
 Und gountet oop, 'pout more or less,
 Vive hoondred awful rows.
 "If all dese liddle vights dey waste,
 Could *von* crate pattle pe,
 Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,
 Who vorship Gott mit vlowers,
 In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
 In winter among de showers.
 "Vhen de Pacific railroat's done,
 Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
 De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
 De last sensadion shtyle,
 'Twas 'nough to make der teufel weep
 To see his "awful shmile."
 "Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er
 Vas in Théologie,
 Dey'd make him pishop in dis shoorsh,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent indo a shpoidin' crib,
 De rowdies cloostered dick,
 Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock.
 Und dat infernal quick.
 Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,
 Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,
 "Id 's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedin's next,
 Dey hear dem rant and rail,
 Der bresident vas a forger,
 Shoost bardoned oud of jail.
 He does it oud of cratitood,
 To dem who set him vree:
 "I 'ds Harmonie of Inderesds,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyand witch,
A plack-eyed handsome maid,
She wahrsagt all deir vortunes—denn
“Fife dollars, gents !” she said.
“Dese vitches are nod of dis eart’,
Und yed are *on* id, f see,
Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell.”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
Der vaiter coot a dash ;
He garfed a shicken in a vink,
Und serfed id at a vlash.
“Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot
Und roon mit poulderie,
He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman’s Righds,
Vhere laties all agrees,
De gals should all pe voters,
Und deir beaux all de votees.
“For efery man dat nefer works,
Von frau should vranchised pe :
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
'Tvas like a roarin' rifer,
De sighds vere here—de sighds vere dere—
 Und de vorldt vent on forefer.
“ De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
 Dis vorldt a derwisch pe ;
Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,”
 Said Breitemann, said he.

BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

I.

I.—THE NOMINATION.

HHEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow-wice
vings

Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery
dings;

Und heroes vere revardtet, de people all pegan
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for Breitemann

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or where der fore shlog
came,

Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin' shame:
“Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—potzblitz! can
dis dings be!—

Und Breitmann he hafe nodings: vot sighds is dis to see!

“Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann! ish *this* do pe de
gry

On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked dem high und
dry?



By meine Secl' I shvears id, und vhat's more I deglares
id's drue,

He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an our, und shtripped
id strumpf und shoe.

"Vhen dey ploondeder de down of Huntsville, I dells you
vot, py tam !

He burned oop four biano-fords and a harp to roast a
ham ;

Vhen he found de *rouge* und *émail de Paris*, which de laities
hafe hid in a shpot,

He whited his horse all ofer—und denn pinked his ears, bei
Gott !

"Vhen he found dat a blace was plooender-fool, he alvays
tell dem, sue :

'Men, sack und pack ! I shoots mine eyes for only shoost
an uhr.'

Boot if de blace vas fery rich, he vouldt say mit a solemn
mien :

'Men—I only shleep for von half uhr more—ve *moost* hafe
tiscipline.'

"He was shoost like Koenig Etzel, of whom de shdory
dell,

Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem shinim
hell ;

Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow vhere Etzel's
horse had trot,
Und I really pelieve vhere Breitmann go, de hops shpring
oop, bei Gott!"

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds
aroundt,
Und vhen dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was rings
aroom be-foundt ;
Dough *why* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by no means
glear,
Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all
abbear!

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent nicht
blainly see
Vhy a feller for gadderin' riches shood dus revartedt pe :
Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a weinhandle in
a stohr,
Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was—somedings
more.

Dis plasterd plackguard none-sense ve couldn't no means
shtand,
From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf, of our nople captain
grand :

Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit* a shentleman deplores ;
So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsrott*, und shmySED him out
of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a nomi-
nation

To go to de Legisladoor, to make some dings off de nation ;
Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve hafe great
hobes,

Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und derefore
knew de robes.

2.—THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION.

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas proto-
collirt,

By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce studiret ;
Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid say
Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first Morál
Idée.

Und de segondt crate Morál Idée dat into him ve rings,
Vas dat government for every man moost alfays do efery
dings ;

Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt esbpecially ve gall,
Ish to do mitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays keeb in
fiew,

Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likevise de Goot und
Drue;

Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to present,
He most get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout id's gostin' a
cent *

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin' ish de cratest ding on eart',
Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife gebirt'—
Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplinc toocuments
Which he can grap or shtean vill sendt—franked—mit his
gompliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée—since id fery vell ish known
Dat mind ish de resooldt of food, ash der Moleschott has
shown,

Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte dot'
abbear—

He moost alfays go mit de party dat go for lagerbier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to Mishder
Twine,

De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery fine :

* This refers to the passage of bills in the Legislature of a state by means of bubeiy. In Pennsylvania, as in many other states, bills which have "nothing in them"—i.e., no money—are rarely allowed to pass.

Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—a tarnal tall
concern ;

Boot dey hafe some liddle trawpacks, und in fagdt weren't
worth a dern.

Boot yet, mit our bermision, if de shentlemans allow—
Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off deir hats und
pow—

He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some nodions of
his own,

Hafing managed some elegdions mit sookcess, as vell vas
known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay, he'd pet as sure as born,
Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle endt der
horn,

Mit his goot *proad* Sharman shoulders—dis maket oos laugh,
py shink !

So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—*Nota bene*—after a
trink !

3.—MR TWINE EXPLAINS BEING “SOUND UPON THE GOOSE.”

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann sot
he :

He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hishdorie ;
Und pefore him, on de tische, was—vhere man alfays
foundt it—

Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Boemisch glass around it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke he maked no
sbeech or sign !

De nedx remark vas, *Zapfet aus!*”—de dird vas, “ *Schenket
ein!*”

When in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a shtock
Of allerbest Markgraefler wein—dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Mishder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to de-
nounce

Dat as Captain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly do an
ounce,

He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more ecksh-
blain :

Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt,
CHAMPAGNE !

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin' wein, mitwhiles vent
on do say,

Dat long instruckdions in dis age vere nod de dime of
tay;

Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of any use
Vas shoost to dell to efery man he's *soundt oopon der
coose.*

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos bekannt,
He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oondershtand,
And vouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook blace beforde
wars:

Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass aroundt
cigars.

“ Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennsylfanien's Shtate,
All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a vierce deplate,
'Tween vamilies mit cooses, und dose vhere none vere
foundt—

If cooses might, by common law, go squanderin' aroundt?

“ Dose who vere nod pe-gifted mit cooses, und vere poor,
All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und cerdain
sure;

But de coose-holders teklate a coose greadt liberdy tid need,
And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt oon-Christian
teed.

"Und denn anoder party idself tid soon refeal,
 Of arisdograts who kepd no coose, pecause, twas nod
 shendeel:
 Tey tid not vish de splodderin' keese shouldt on deir pafe-
 mends bass,
 So dey shoined de anti-coosers, or de oonder lower glass!"

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out: "Dis shdory goes to
 show

Dat in poledicks, ash lager, *virtus in medio*.
 De drecks ish ad de pottom—de skoom floods high inteed;
 Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Sharman
 lied.*

Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom und drecks,
 ve see,
 Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-sympathie."
 "Dis is very vine," says Mishder Twine, "vot here you
 indrotuce:
 Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de
 coose.

"A gandertate for sheriff de coose-beholders run
 Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk peneat' de
 sun,

* "Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille."

For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long dimes ago,
Und Harrisburg need safin' mighty pad, ash all do know.*

"Acainsd dis mighdy Coose-man anoder veller rose,
Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen oders came
to plows,
Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt, his friendts wouldt vink
so loose,
Und vhisper ash dey dapped deir nose : '*He's soundt oopon
de coose!*'

""He's O. K. oopon de soobject :† shoost pet your pile on
dat :
On dis bartik'ler quesdion he indends to coot it fat.'
So de veller cot elegded bef ore de beople foundt
On *vhitch* site of der coose it vas he shtick so awful soundt.

'Und efer in Ameiica, hencevorwart from dat day,
Ash mit de Native Mericans, de fashion vas to say—
Likes well in de Kansas droples—de shap who tid not
refuse
To go mit de beoples ash wanted him, vas soundt oopon
der coose.

* Harrisburg is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania.

† In a certain edition of the Breitmann Ballads, this phrase is said to have originated in 1845. In 1835, I heard it said that General Jackson in a letter spelt all correct "*oll korrekt,*" and this I believe to be the real origin of the expression."—C. G. L.

"Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell," says Mishdei Hiaim Twine;

"Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight id on dis line."

De volk who of dese boledics would oder shapdeis read,
Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here Breitmann's
Lied.

II.

4.—HOW BREITMANN AND SMITH WERE REPORTED
TO BE LOG-ROLLING.

D hoppenet in de yar of crace, when all dese dings
 pegan,
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned acainsd
 der Breitemann,
Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine so moosh dat
 beoples say
Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—Gott weiss in vot a
 vay!

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—vhitch look shoost like
 a bruder—

Dat when Twine vas work on any side der Schmit vas on
 der oder:

A fery gommon dodge ish dis mit de arisdocracie;
So dat votefer cardt doorns op, id's game for de familie!

Nun, goot! Howefer dis might pe, 'tvas cerdain on dis hit
Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder Schmit;

Und Schmit, I criece to say, exclaimed: "Gaul darn me for
a fool,
But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits and rake the eternal
pool!"

So dey cot some liddle ledders, ash brifate ash could pe,
Whitch Breitmann writed long agone to friendts in Ger-
many;

Und dey brinted dem in efery vay to make de beoples
laugh,
Und comment on dem in de shtyle dat "sports" call "slasher-
gaff."

Dere-to—as vash known py shoodshment und glearly ascer-
tained,

Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse und schwind-
lin' friendt—

So dey roon it droo de newsbapers, und shbcech to make
pegan,

Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself und rop de oder man.*

Boot de ding that jam de hardest on de men dat bull de
vires,

Und showed that Copitain Breitmann shtood pedween dwo
heafy vires,

* This incident, and the one narrated in the preceding verse, are literally true.

Vas, pecause he vas a soldier—von could see id at a
clanse—

Dey had pud him in a tisdrig't vhere he hadn't half a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten ish more piafe ash oder mans,
Dey moost lead de hope verloren und pattle in de vans ;
Und ash defeat ish honoraple to men in honor shtiict,
Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey're cerdain to be
licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'Tvas de dird or secondt
heat,

Dat a soldier in dis tisdrigt had been poot oop und beat ;
So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly to vork :
De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies packward mit a
yerk.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret dat de ding seemed doubt-
enful,

Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly py de bull,
Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to pliefe pecan,
Dat Mishder Schnit had *sold de vight* unto der Breitemann !

He fix de liddle tedails—how moosh der Schmit hafe got
For sellin' out his party to let Breitmann haul de pot ;
Und he showed a brifate ledder from Bieitemann to Schmit,
Vhere he bromise him for Congress if he shoost let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder; for der Copitain Breitemann

Vould nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompoogks since virst his life pegan :

He hat tone some rough dings in de war, in de ploonder-und-morder line,

Boot vas hoockleberry-persimmoned mit dese boledics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rate—mit de Mericans pest of all,

For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall ,

For too sheat von's own gonstituents ish de pest mofe in de came,

Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same.

5.—HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING.

Derc's nodings in dis vorldt so pad, ash all oov us may learn,

Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if loock should dake a doorn ;

So it hoppenet mit Breitmann, who in spite of sin und
Schmit,

Gontrified ad shoost dis yoonctue do make a glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de Deutsche burgers
all

(N.B.—Dish ish not mean *plackarts*, boot de pills dey shtick
on de vall),

To say dat a Massenversammlung—or a meeding of all de
masses—

Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter-Halle, to consisd of de Shar-
man classes.

Now dey gife de brinting of de pills to a new gekommene
man,

Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash Repoob-
lican :

Gott im Himmel weiss vhere he'd hid himself on dis free
Coloompian shore

Dat he scaped de naturalizationisds, und hadn't found out
pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tiffERENCE he
Petween Repooplicanish and Demokratisch tid see,
Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer; so he dook shoost
vot seem pat

To make de poster handsome—likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin' life shmall grubs grows oop to
vings !

How often shoost from moostard seet a virst-glass pusiness
shprings !

Van't klein komt men tot't groote, ash de Hollanders hafe
said :

Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann caved in der Schmitsy's
head.

6.—BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe *sell de vight* cot so mooch put
apout,

Dat many of his beoples vere in fery tupious toubt ;
'Pove all, dose who were on de make, and easy change deir
lodge,

Und, pein awfool smart demselfs, believe in efery dodge.

Vhen de meeding vas gesempled, und dey found no Schmit
vas dere,

Dey looket at von anoder mit a *ganz* eistaunished air ;
But dey *saw it* glear as taylighd, und around a vink dere
ran,

'Vhen pefore dem rose de shiant form of Copitain Breite-
mann !

Denn Breitemann vent los at dem : " He could nichts vell
 exbress

De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—de wonnevoll hoppi-
 ness—

To meed in friendlich council and glasp de hand of dose,
Who had peen mit most oonreason und unkindtly galled his
 foes.

" Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin' eart—he vould say it dere
 und denn—

Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh imbardial
 men,

So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty dricks,
Ash to gome und lisden vairly to a voe in poledicks ;

" Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—for he feeled id in his
 soul

Dat de *principles* vitch mofed dem vere de same oopon de
 whole ;

But he lack a vord to exbress dem in manners oppor-
 tunes"—

Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly, " Shpoons ! "

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him : " If *shpoons* our
 modifes pe,

Dere 's nod a man pefore oos who lossed a shpoon by me :

Far rader had I gife you all a shpoons to eaten mit,
Und I hope to ged a ladle for mein friendt, der Mishdaer Schmit."

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—it raise der tyfel's dust,
 Und for sefen-lefen minudes dey ooplouded on a bust ;
 Und de chaps dat dinked of hedgin' saw a ring as round
 as O ;
 So dey boked each oder in de rips und said, "I dold you
 so!"

For dis d'lusion to de ladle vas as glear ash city milk,
 Und drawd it on de beoples so vine ash flossen silk,
 Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin' locks, und de locks vere
 ready cut ;
 Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy dake de
 butt !

Denn Breitmann he crack onward : " If any 'lightened man
 Vill seeken in his Bibel, he 'll find dat a publican
 Is a barty ash sells lager ; und de ding is fery blain,
 Dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain.

" Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreeén mit
 De demprance brinciples I hear dishtriputet to Schmit ;
 Boot dis I dells you vairly, und no one to teseife—
 If I were Schmit, I 'd pliefen shoost vot der Schmit peliefe.

"And to mine Sharman liperal friendts I might mention in
dis shpot,

Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit pelieve in
Gott ;

Und also dat he coes to shoorsch—mit a brayer-book—for
salfadion :

I vould not for die welt say dings to hoort his repudadion.

" Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander pe,
So also de rumor dat when young he shtoody divinidy :
I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py fate,
Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Republican-di-
date !

" Ash Deutschers say—und Yankees doo—when der wein
ish in der man,

So ish oopon de oder part, de wise-hood in de can,
Whitch biofes dat wein und wise-hood ish all de same, py
shinks !

Und de only real can-didate ish der veller ash coes for
trinks !

* Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare here in dis
hall—

Jnd I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may pefall—
Dat any man who gifes me his fote—votefer his boledics pe—
shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py me."

(Dis voonderfol condescension pring down drementous applause,
 Und dose who catch de nodion gife most deripple hooraws ;
 Eshbecially some Amerigans ash vas shtandin' near de door,
 Und who in all deir leben long nefer heard so moosh sense pefore.)

“ Dese ish de brinciples I holts, and dose in vitch I run :
 Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course of de ’ternal sun :
 Boot if you ton’t approve of dem—blease nodice vot I say—
 I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right afay.

“ Und undo my Demographic friendts I vould fery glearly shtate—
 Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds to hold a long deparate—
 Dat dere’s no man in de cidy who sells besser liquor ash I.
 Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis* whenefer mine friendts ish try.

“ *Ad finem*—in de ende—I moost mendion do you all,
 Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier ish a-gomin’ to dis hall :

Dere ish none of mine own party here, bot we 'll do mitout
deir helfs ;
Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so goot if ve
trink it all ourselfs."

Soosh drementous up-loudation pefore was nefer seen,
Ash dey svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas a brick-
pat, und no sardine ; *
Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen, sayin', " Hobe you wird
sookceed !"—
De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch lied.

* "No more interlect than a half-grown shad," is a phrase which occurs, if the author remembers aright, in the Charcoal Sketches, by J. C. Neal. The Western people have carried this idea a step further, and applied it to sardines, as "small fishes," all of an average size, packed closely together in tin cans and excluded from the light of day. A man who has never travelled, and has during all his life been packed tightly among those who weie his equals in ignorance and inexperience, is therefore a "saidine."

III.

PARDT DE VIRST.

THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL
SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS.

ERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe
oondershtand,

Deutschers are, *de jure*, de owners of dis land,
Und I brides mineself oonshpeak-barly dat I foorst make
be-known,
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from
Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisiply does shine,
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on der
Rhein,

Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de drople to
mark,

Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a-vlyin' from de ark;

Jnd shtill wider—in de peginnin', mitout de leastest Doubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de voildt herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid ofden
shbeak,

De mythus of name rebeats itself—vhitch see in his
“Symbolik,”

So also de name America, if we a liddle look,
Was coom from der oldt king Emerich in de Deutsche
Heldenbuch.

Jnd id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch—how voonderful it
ron,

Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und der
Sohn,

Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason vhitch now
ish plain,

Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full-endet, pring me round to der
Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-windoong ish so teep and broad
and tall,

Dat nopoly boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh
dem at all,

Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont pelieve
inteed,

Dat I mineself vould versteh de half of dis here Breit-
mann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system—dat only von mans
knew,
Vot der tyfel id meant—und *he* couldn't tell—und der
Jean Paul Richter, too,
Who saidt: “Gott knows I meant somedings vhen foorst
dis buch I writ,
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now—for I hafe
fergotten it!”

Und all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on your nose,
Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he him-
self soopose,
Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt, as I really do
soospect,
Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*—und lesser intellect.

Yet oop-righty I confess it—mitout ashkin' vhy or whence,
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown sharp-
pointet sense,
Und a fery outsigned exemple of genius in dis line,
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram Twine.

PARDT DE SECONDT.

SHOWING HOW MR HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF"
ON SMITH.*

Vide licet. Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone vouldt pe
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a majority,
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement vouldt
make a lucky hit,
But dough dey vere Deutscheis, von und all, dey all go von
on Schmit.

Now id hoppenet to gome to bass, dat in dis little town,
De Deutsch vas all exshpegin' dat Mishder Schmit
coom down,
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idées to deach—
(*Id est*, fix oop de brifate pargains)—und telifer a pooplinc
shbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish peen
shown,
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe known,

* The incident narrated in this part, is told in Pennsylvania as having occurred to a well-known politician, who bore the sobriquet of "With all due deference," from his habit of beginning all his speeches with these words.

Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so,
Dat he 'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see how dings vas
go.

Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout,
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out,
Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls—dis liddle meeding dere,
Fixt Twine *ad perpendicularum* :—shoost suit him to a hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers von und all,
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de Ball,
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars pegin to
plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for 'twas dime to
dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin'—und dey saw und dinked
dey know'd,
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de road,
Und ash he ride town-invard de likeness vas so blain,
Dey donnered out "Hoora for Schmit!" enof to make it
rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes—boot oop shdardet
too his vit,
Und he dinks, "Great turnips!—vhot if I couldt bass for
Colonel Schmit!

Gaul darn my heels I 'll do it—and go the total swine,
Oh soap balls!—*what* a chance!" said dis dissebulatin'
Twine.

Denn 'twas "Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder Schmit!"
rings aroom on efery site,
Und "First-rate—how dy do, yourself?" der Hiram
Twine replied,
Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink"—boot dey find id
mighdy gueer,
When Twine informed em none boot hogs vould trink dat
shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for Sharman
wein,
He dinks it vas erfouden exbressly for Sharman schwein,
Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he gloria in de
name,
Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und do de
same.

Dese bemarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout as vell
receife,
Ash cats in a game of den-pins—ash you may of coorse
peliefe,
De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen degrees,
Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roostlin' of de
drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
Vhere he maket de crate oradion vhitche vas so moosh to
blease dem all,
Und dis vay he begin it: "Perfore I furder go,
I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het-Dutch, shouldt
know.

" Und eher I norate furder, I dink it only fair,
Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk and
square;
Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I vill plank de
facts—
I tont go round slanganderin' my friendts behind deir
packs.

" So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,
Vhen I say I can't apide de sound of your groonting *shishing* Dootch,
Should I in de Legisladure as your slumgullion stand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis 'versal
land.

" Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat' he should pe
led,
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I'd bunch her in de head;

Und I'm sure dat none vill atvocate id's use in pooplic schools,

Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, pratal, sau-kraut eadin' fools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat', shoost make a liddle pause,

Und see sechs hundert gapin' eyes—sechs hundert shdarin' chaws!

Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen—von faindly dried to hiss :—

Und von saidt: "Ish id shleeps I'm treamin'—Gottstau-send!—vhot ish dis?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,—boot boldly vent ahet,

"Of your oder shtinkin' hobits no vordt needt here pe set;
Shdop gooziin' bier—shdop shmokin' bipes—shdop rootin'
in de mire,

Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselfs :—dat's all dat I require."

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat trop:
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder!—go—shlog him on de kop!

Hei! shoot him mit a powie-knifes!—go for him, ganz and gar!

Shoost tar him mit some fedders!—led's fedder him mit tar!

Sooch a teufel's row of furie vas nefer oopkicket befor,—
Some roosh to on-climb de blatfom,—some hoory to festen
de toor,—

Von veller vired his refolfer—boot de pullet missed her
mark,

She coot de cort of de shandelier—it vell—und de hall vas
tark !

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimpely he couldt
shoomp !

Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer feel de
boomp !

Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood sottelet
shoost oudsicle !

Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel's ride !

Bang ! bang ! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin' py his ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain
deer,

Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins—boot dey only
could be-mark

Von climpse of his vwhite ober-coat—und a clotterin' droo
de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen mit,
Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt from
Schmit !

Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a lump ash
ran,

So—*nemine contradicente*—dey vented for Breitemann

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before der Schmit vas
know,

Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,

Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash Hiram
Twine had done,—

Nota bene: he tid it in earnest, while der Hiram's vas pusi-
ness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de fillage hat
peen dricked,

He schwore bei Leib und Leben, dat he 'd rader hafe peen
licked,

Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin',—und 'twas petter
to pe a schwein,

Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat lyin'
Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of dis land,
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from trowin' oop his
hand,

When he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his poot—vitch
phrase ish all de same,

n de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,

Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.

Dis shows de Deutsch Dummehrlichkeit—also de Yankee

“ wit :”—

Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der Schmit.

BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

“ Bjór foen ek thér,
Brynthings apaldr !
Magni blandinn
Ok megentíri,
Fullr er hann ljoda ”

—*Sigrdrifurndl.*

“ Beer I bear to thee,
Battle's great apple-tree !
Mangled with might
And with bright glory,
All full of song.”

—*The Edda.*

I.

THE VISION.

“ Dere vas vonce opon a dimes a Fiantchman who asket if a Sherman could hafe *Esprit*. Allowin for his pad shbellin, de reater will find dat der Herr Breitmann was hafe *a spree* goot many dimes. You gant ged round de Dootch.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

 OTTS blitz ! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod !
Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth ?
Like hell-shstrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,
Trowin dead light on eart acain :—
Ja !—wide im nord om Odin shtone
Lies a shiant form im glare alone,

Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin shdream
Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.

Troonk om haunted Odinstein
Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein
Vhere blooty Druids omens trew
From grin und screech of shaps dey slew ;
Or vhere der Norseman long of yore
Vas carven eagles on de shore,
As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot
Und crows valk round knee teep im ploot,
Vhile rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay ;
Dere—ten pottles troonk—Hans Breitmann lay.

Fast und rof der war-man shnore
Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,
Schnell ash Mjöllner's bang und beat
Heaved de form from het to veet,
Vhile apofe him in de shkies
Dere he saw a glorie rise,
Und im mittle von it all
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wölfen glare
At de Aesir in de air,
Long mit schneerin bären grin
He toorn his nase auf und hin

(For ne'er a Sherman—tam de otts—
 Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts),
 Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he
 A gott-like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,
 To his fader Gotts he set :
 "Let your worts of wisehood shlip ;
 Rush your runes, und let 'em rip !
 For you de gotts hafe efer pe
 Of dose who vere ash gotts to me :—
 Alt Thor der Thören here pelow—
 Vot hell you vants,* I 'd like to know?"

Antworded ash de donner clangs,
 Der fader of de iron bangs :
 " De gotts will let de hell dogs go,
 Und raise damnation here pelow ;
 Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell
 De rifers ten dat roon troo hell.
 To telle dis I comme dence,
 Dou lord of lion impudence.

* Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py anypodies ash *chwearin*, boot ash inderesdin Norse or Sherman idioms. Goot many refieweis vot refiewsed to admire soosh derms in de earlier edions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future notices from a anscendental philological stand-point.—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

“Drafeller ! I know dee vell !
 Breitmann improturbable !
 Vhen on eart I hat my shy,
 Breitmann of dat age vas I.
 I schwear py Thor ! so crate und gay,
 I smashed de Jötuns in my tay,
 Und dou shall pe ge-writ sooplime
 Ash de crate Thor of deiner time.

“Now ve lets de eagles vly
 Skreemin troo de vlamin shky,
Our own specials —dare nod laugh ;
 For in de London *Telegraph*,
 A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,
 For hop what may, he’s *always dere* !
 Vill dell de worlt, troo blut and flame,
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan’s name.

“Und all dou e’er on eart has done,
 From oop gang oontil settin sun,
 Vill pe ash nix—I schvear py Thor !
 To vat dou ’lt do in dieser war ;
 Plazin roofs und mordered men,
 Hell set loose on eart again ;
 Rush und ride in shtorm und floot,
 Cannon roarin, pools of bloot ;

Deutschland mad in fool career,
 Led py dy Uhlanten speer.
 Hell's harfest—sheafs of fichtorie,
 Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee !

“Ja ! On many a dorf und disch,
 Dou shalt pring a requisish ; *
 Dwendy dimes de Fräntscher men
 Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain—
 All dose dwenty dimes in von,
 Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,
 Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein
 Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

“Go !—mit shpeer und fiery muth !
 Go !—mit durst for bier und blut !
 Go !—mit lofe for Vaterland,
 Into burning fury fanned :

* *Requisish.* An abbreviation of the word *requisition*, which Breitmann had heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heaid this cant term used in a droll manner, about the end of the war, by a little gurl, six years old, the daughter of a quartermaster. She had “confiscated,” or “foraged,” or “skirmished,” as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. “I cannot let you have the whip,” said she, gravely, “as I need it for military purposes; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you an order on the United States Government.”—C. G. L.

Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
Vhere der Uhlan ist peen gone,
Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame
To hear of der Uhlanen name."

Der fision fadet in de shky,
Und hours vent on und time goed py
Vot heardest dou, Napolium ?
De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom !
Ven you hear de sound of de droom,
Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,
De treadful roarin Dootch, mit de droom
Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pun !
De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum,
Mit cannon roar und pattle hum,
Mit fee und faw on de foe und fun !
Led py de awful Breitemum !
 Bitty boom !! Boom !!

II.

BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

 HO vas efer hear soosh voonders,
 Holy breest or virshin nonn?
 As pefelled de Captain Breitmann,
 Vhen he hoont an air-ballon.
 Der Bizzy* und der Dizzy,†
 Mit Lothairingen und Lothair,
 Vas nodings to dis Deutscher,
 Who vent kitin troo de air.

Id was in yar Nofember,
 In eighdeen sefendee,
 Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,
 By monden light vent he.
 In fillages deserted
 He hear de Uhu moan;
 For you alvays hear der Uhu ‡
 Vhere der Uhu-lan ish gone.

* Bismarck.

† Disraeli.

‡ *Uhu* An owl—the bird of kn-owl-edge

Alone *allonsed** der Uhlan,
 Boot nodings could he find
 Safe whitey clouds a drivin
 In moonshine fore de wind.
 Boot ash he see dese cloudins
 He bemark dat *von* vas round,
 Und inshtead of goin oopwarts
 It kep risin towards de ground.

“ Oh, vot ish dis a gomin?
 Some planet, py de Lord!
 Too boor to life in heafen,
 Coom down on eart to poard;
 Und pelow it schwing tree engels—
 Two he-vons mit a wench.
 Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels
 Can dose pe, dalkin Fræntschi !

“ I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
 Dat oop in heafen—py tam!
 De engels dalk in Sherman,
 Und sing Mardin Luther’s psalm.

* *Allons*. Uhlan slang for *go* or *went*, as in America, they use the Spanish word *vamos* to express every person in every sense of the verb *to go*. Pronounce *allon’ a*.

O nein—es sind kein engeln
 Vot sail so smoofly on,
 Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
 In einem luft-ballon !”*

Hei ! how der Breitmann streak it
 Ven vonce he kess de trut’ !
 He spurred id like de wild fire
 Of hope in early yout’.
 Troo de weingarts like der teufel
 Vhen he shase a lawyer’s soul ;
 Down der moundain mit his lanze
 Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o’er de valley,
 Troo de village he ish gone ;
 Dog-barks die out pehind him,
 Oders bark ash he come on.
 Liddle heedet he deir bellin,
 Liddle mind der Hahnen crow ;
 Liddle hear der Bauern yellin,
 Clotter, clodder, on he go.

* “O no, those are no angels
 Which sail so smoothly on.
 O no—they’re curséd Fienchmen,
 All in an air-balloon ”

"Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,
 Und vot ish yager pliss,
 Und vot ish shasin bison
 On de blains, to soosh ash dis?
 I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels
 Vas de pest of eartly fun;
 Boot id isn't half so sholly
 Ash to go a luft-ballon."

Und ash id shdill vent onward,
 Shdill onwards mit der wind,
 Der coom a real madness
 To catch id, o'er his mind.
 Und had'st dou seen him vlyin,
 Dat wild onfuriate brick,
 Dou'st hafe schworn dat Captain Breitmann
 Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
 In fain all dings let fall,
 De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,
 Und id wouldn't rise at all.
 Yet de wild wind trife id onwards,
 Onwards shdill der Breitmann go,
 Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent
 Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwarts,
 Ash he gling to id, of corse,
 Mit der lefter hand he holtet
 To de pridle of his horse.
 Der horse valk on his hind-legs :
 Too schwer to rise vas he ;
 Mein Gott ! vot fix for Breitmann
 Of de Uhlan cavallrie !

So he go for seferal stunden
 Petween himmel und eart peelow,
 Boot der teufel und die engels
 Couldn't make der Hans let go.
 Dill all at vonce an idée
 Coom from his loocky shtar---
 He led co his horse's pridle
 Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet
 Vhen in dat air-ballon ?
 A nople Englisch vicomte,
 Milord de Robinson ;
 Und mit him vas a laity,
 Mit whom he 'd rooned afay,
 Whom he indroduce to Breitmann
 Ash die Jungfer Salomé.

Und der dritte was a barson,
 Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
 Hat took als secretaire,
 Likevise for pallast doo.
 Dey should hafe bitched him ofer
 Vhen de gas was out, dey say ;
 Boot de damé vould not 'low it :—
 She'd an arrière pensée.

Sait Milord : “Afar we've wandered,
 We are done completely brown ;
 And I'll give a thousand shiners
 If you 'll take me to a town
 Where no one will molest us
 Till we find our way to Lon——.”
 Here der Breitmann ent de sentence
 Ash he gry out, shortly, “*done.*”

“And as for this fair lady
 To whom I would be bound,”
 Sait Milord, “we 'll have a wedding
 Before we reach the ground.
 To escape her father's anger
 We fled to live in peace,
 But she 's relatives in London,
 And *they* have—the police.”

O vas not dis a voonders
 To make de Captain shdare ?—
 A tausend pounds in bocket
 Und a veddin in de air ?
 He gafe avay de laity,
 Und als sie wieder kam
 Zur festen Erde wieder,
 Ward sie Robinson Madame.*

“O go mit me,” said Breitmann,
 “O go in mein Quartier !
 Don’t mind dem gommon soldiers,
 For I’m an officier.”
 He guide dem troo de coontry
 Till dey reach de ocean strand ;
 Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann
 In de far-off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann’s last adfenture
 How troo Himmel air flew he :
 Und it’s dime, oh nople reader !
 For a dime to part from dee.

* And when she came adown
 Unto the earth’s firm surface,
 She was Mis Robinson.

Dou may'st dake it all in earnest
Or believe id 's only fon ;
Boot dere's woonder dings has hoppent
Fery oft in Luft-ballon.

III.

BREITMANN AND BOUILLI.

"Très estimé ami,—Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,
 Vielleickt Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,
 Ock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss wohl auf.

Naturlich wie Kespenst die off die Kasse keh."

—*Deutsch-Französ, Leipzig, 1736.*

HOT roombles down de Bergstrass?
 Vot a grash ish in de air!
 Mit a desbeiate gonfusion,
 Und a gry of wild tespair
 Das sind gethrasht Franzosen,*
 Und dose who after flee
 Are de tenor of Champagner,
 Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,
 De hoonters lesser shdill;
 Der Frank is ride for's leben,
 Der Deutscher rides to kill.

* Those are thrashed Frenchmen.

Ofer tickly-doosty faces
 Deir eyes like wild-katzs glare ;
 De blut und iron ridin
 Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanen,
 Der Breitmann ride de pest ;
 For he mark de Fräntsche gomanter
 Ish most elegantly tresst.
 Und ash he coom down on him,
 Dere's a deat' look in his eye :
 "Gotts ! if I carfe dat toorkey,
 How I'll make de stoofin vly!"

Mit a clotter und a flotter,
 Like a hell-sturm dey are on :
 Mit a rottle to de pattle
 Coom de Deutschers, knockin' down,
 Down de moundain to a brucké—
 Vhy die Fräntschenmen toorn ad bay ?
 Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,
 Und die pridge ish coot avay !

Von second der Franzose
 Look down mit blitzen eye ;
 Von second at de brucké,
 Den toorn him round to die.

While mit out-ge-poke-te lance,
 Like ter teufel shot from hell,
 Rode der ploonder-shtarvin Breitmann
 On der grau-bart Colonel.

Vot for der Coptain Breitmann
 Ish shdop in his career?
 Vot for he pool his pridle?
 Vot for let down his speer?
 Vot for his eyes like saucers
 Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
 Vot for his hair, a pristlin,
 Lift oop his pickel-haub? *

So awfool—so oneart'ly,
 So treadful was his glare,
 So unbeschreiblich gastly,
 Dat der Colonel self was shkare.
 Oop come der Breitmann ridin,
 Und mit gratin foice he said :
 “Bist—du—wirkelich—lebendig? †
 Can de grafe gife oop its tead?

* Der Uhlan was not shenerally wear pickelhaube, but dis tay der Heir Breitmann gehappenet to hafe von on.—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

† “And art thou truly living?”

“ Dou livest yet—dou breaf’st yet,
 Dough oldter now you pe
 Since I mordered you in Strasburg,
 Mein freund—mon Jean Bouilli.
 We lofed de selfe maiden
 Wohl forty years agone :—
 She died to hear I kilt you :—
 Jean—how weiss your beard ish grown !

“ I would gife my Hab’ und Güter,*
 Dereto mein bit of life,
 Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,
 Und make her, Jean, dy wife ! ”
 Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin,
 Like a liddle prook vept he ;
 Und dey hugged and gissed einander,
 Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

“ Ach, de efils dat fiom efil
 Troo a life ish efer grow !
 Had I nefer dink I killed you,
 Many a man were livin now—
 Many a man dat shleeps in canebrakes,
 Many a man py pillow-shore ;
 For dy morder mate me reckelos,
 Und *von* tead man gries for more !

* “ All my property.”

“O Madchen ! schön im Himmel ! *
 (Warst schon on eart’ difine)—
 Can’st dink among de Engeln
 Of soosh as me und mine ?
 Den look on soosh a Reue,
 Ash eart’ has nefer known :—
 Whereto hast dou a sabre ?
 Wherefore not kill me, Jean ? ”

“O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann !
 Je trouve cela trop fort,”
 Gry der Colonel sehr politely ;
 “ *How!*—you crois dat I was *mort* !
 Mon Dieu ! ’Tis but one minute,
 As we galloped to this plain,
 I thought your spear, mon gaillard,
 Would kill me o’er again.

“Je vous fais mon compliment,
 Your tendresse becomes you well ;
 Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,
 Pour la petite demoiselle.
 I have had a thousand since ;
 One can always find such game ;
 Et pour dire la vérité,
 I have quite forgot her name.”

* “O maiden fair in Heaven ! ”

Der Breitmann look so earnest,
Long and earnest at his foe,
Ash if seein troo his augen
To de forty years ago.
Mit *vot* a shmile der Breitmann
Toorned roundt und rode away :
Dat was all his parting greetin
To der Colonél Français.

IV.

BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF NANCY.



HEAR a wondrous shdory
 Vot soundet like romance,
 How Breitmann mit four Uhlans
 Vas dake de town of Nantz.
 De Fräntschenmen call it Nancy,*
 Und dey say its fery hard
 Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
 Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm
 Ash Hans ride in de down,
 Und like Odin in his glorie
 Gazed derriply aroun'.
 Denn mit awfool condesenchen
 He at de Fräntschenmen shtare,
 Und say, "Ye wretsched children !
Abboriez mir vodre mère !"

* Nancy, the "light of love" of Lorraine.—*London Times*, Dec. 6, 1870.

Hans mean de city Syndic,
 Whom *maire* de Frântschen call ;
 So mit a tousand soldiers
 Dey 'scort him to de Hall :
 In de shair of shtade dey sot him,
 Der maire coom to pe heard,
 Und Hans glare at him fife minutes
 Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ootered :
 “ Ich temand que rentez fous :
 Shai dreisig mille soldaten
 Bas loin l'ici, barploo !
 Aber tonnez-moi Champagner ;
 Shai an soif exdrortinaire—
 Apout one douzaine cart-loads ;
 Und dann je fous laisse faire.” *

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
 His segretairé—“ Read
 A liddle exdra listé
 Of dings de army need,

* “ I require you to surrender :
 I have thirty thousand men
 Not far from here, parbleu !
 But give me first champagne ;
 I 've a wondrous thirst, you know—
 About a dozen cart-loads ;
 And then I 'll let you go.”

Und dell dem in Französisch
 Dey moost shell de neetfool down
 In less dan dwendy minudes,
 Or, py Gott, I 'll purn de town.”

“ *Item*—one tousand vatches
 Of purest gold so fair ;
 Dazu funf tousand silbern,
 For de gommon soldiers' wear ;
 Und tree dousand diamant ringé
 Dey moost make tirectly come,
 We need dem for our schweetharts
 Ven we write to em at home !

“ Von million cigarren
 Ve 'll accept ash extra boons
 For not squeezin dem seferely,
 Dazu dwelf tousand shboons.”
 Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,
 Denn all dat he could say
 Vas, “ O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu
 Nous voilà ruinées ! ” *

No wort der Breitmann ootered,
 He only make a sgratch,

* “ O Lord, Lord, Lord !
 We are ruined ! ”

Calm and silend, on de dapple,
 Mit a liddle friction match.
 De maire versteh de motion,
 So went him to de task
 Of raisin mong de peoples
 Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringé,
 Dey vind dem pooty soon ;
 So kam he mit de vatches,
 Und avery silber spoon.
 Boot ash for de champagner,
 He wept and loudly call
 Dat *par dieu!* he hadn't any
 For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

Ja !—de gorporal's guart have trinket
 Efery pottle in de down,
 Vhile dese negotiations
 Oop-staiss vere written down.
 Boot der Breitmann sooplimaly,
 Like von who nodings felt,
 Said, “ Instet of le champagner
 Nous brentirons du gelt.*

* “ We will take the ready *gelt.*”

Ja wohl ! Donnes cent mille franken,
 C'est mir égal, you know ; *
 Pid dem pring id in a horry,
 For 'tis dime for oos to go."
 Der maire he pring de money,
 Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand,—
 " Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,
 Herzbruder in Frankenland !

" Boot it grieves my soul to larmen,
 Und I sypatize mit dein,
 To *pense* of you, mon ami,
 Sans le champagner wein.
 Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,
 Und it break mine heart to dink
 De vay dey 'll bang and slang you
 If dere 's no champagne to trink !

" Cela fous fera miséré
 Que she ne feux bas see ;
 So, vollow mes gonseillés,
 Et brenez mon afis.

* " Yes, give a hundred thousand francs,
 'Tis all one to me, you know."

Shai, moi, deux mille boutelles,
 De meilleur dat man can ashk,*
 Vich I will gladly sell—
 Sheap as dirt—ten franks a flask.”

De maire look oop to heafen,
 Wohl nodings could he say,
 While oud indo de mitnight
 Der Breitmann rode afay.
 Away—atown de falley,
 Till noding more abbears
 Boot de glitter of de moonlight,
 De moonlight on deir spears.

* “ Ah, that will make you trouble,
 Which I would not gladly see;
 So, follow all my counsels,
 And take advice from me.
 I have two thousand bottles,
 The best”—

V.

BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC.

 E sits in bivouacke,
 By fire, peneat' de drees ;
 A pottle of champagner
 Held shently on his knees ;
 His lange Uhlan lanze
 Stuck py him in de sand ;
 While a goot peas-poodin' sausage
 Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanen
 Sit round mit oben mout'
 To hear der Breitmann's shdories
 Of fitin in de Sout'.
 Und he gife dem moial lessons,
 How pefore de battle pops :
 "Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
 Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Denn his leutenant bemarket :
 " How voonder shdrange it peen
 Dat so very many wild pigs
 Ish dis year in de Ardennes.
 Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter !—
 I sah dem coom heraus,
 Shoost here und dere an Eber
 Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

" Shoost dink of all dese she-picks
 Vot flet to neutral land ! ”
 Said Breitmann : “ Fery easy
 Ish dis to oonderstand :
 Dese schwein-picks mit de sau'en
 Vot you saw a-roonin rond,
 Ish a crate medempsygosis
 Of the Fräntsché demi-monde.

“ I hafe readet in de Bible
 How soosh a coterie
 Vas ge-toornet indo swine-picks,
 Und roon down indo de see ;
 Boot since de see aint handy,
 Or de picks vere all too dumrn,
 Dey hafe coot agross de porder
 Und vly to Belgium.”

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,
 Und got more liquor out.
 Dey hearden from de sendry
 A shot und denn a shout.
 Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
 Quick ash de bullet hiss,
 Und leapin out, demantet,
 "Herr'r'r'r Gott! vat row ish dis?"

Und bold der Schwabian answert:
 "Dis minute on de ground
 Dere comed a Fräntschnan greepin,
 On all-fours a-prowlin round.
 I ask him vat he wanted;
Werda! I gry; boot he
 Say nodings to my challenge,
 Und only answer '*Ouz.*'

"So I shoot him like der teufels,
 Und I rader dink our friend,
 Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,
 Ish a-drawin to his end."
 So dey hoonted in de pushes,
 Und in avery gorner dig,
 Boot, mein Gott! how dey vas laughin,
 Ven dey found a—mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,
 Und reat in de *Gaulois*
Of de most adrocious action
 De vorlt vas efer saw.
How de Uhlan cannibalen,
 Dis vile und awful prood,
Hafe killt a nople Frantschman,
 Und cut him oop for food.

“ Ja—shop him indo sausage,
 Und coot him indo ham ;
Und schwear dey ’ll serfe all oders
 Exacdly so—py tam !
Sons of France, awake to glory,
 Let your anciend valor shine !
Und shweep dis Prussian vermin
 Het und dails indo de Rhine !”

VI.

BREITMANN'S LAST BARTY.

For fear of some missed onder standings, I vould shtate, dat dis is only
 mean de last Barty dat der Herr Coptain Breitmann has ge given
 —as *yed*. Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an
 in-leading, or indrotuckshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de
 vellers dat vas ad de virst Barty, where mine swister-in-law de
 Madilda Yane vas tantz mit Henr Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER,
Olm Studiosus Theologie, now Uhlan ftee-lancer,
 und Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann.

 OT gollops at mitnight,
 Mit *k'roolah* and yell,
 Like der teufel's wild yäger
 Boorst loose out of hell ?
 Vot cleams in the sonnise
 Bright vlashin in gold ?
 Das sind die Uhlancers
 Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coontry,
 Dey ploonder de town ;
 And when dey are oop
 Die Franzosen co down :

For pefore de wild Norsemen
 De Southron must flee ;
 Ab ira Normannorum
 Libera nos Domine ! *

How dey sweep de chateaux !
 How dey grab oop de hens !
 Und gobble de toorkeys
 Shoot oop in de pens !
 Like de Angel of Deat'
 Dey are ragin abroad :
 You may track dem py feeders
 Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,
 Und der Breitmann is on,
 Und mit him de Uhlans
 Are ploonderin gone.
 De demon of fengeance
 His wings o'er em vave,
 Mit deir fingers like hooks,
 Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,
 So shplendid, of bricks ;
 Franzosen defend it,
 Das help em gar nichts.

* From the wrath of the Northmen, deliver us, Lord !

For de Uhlans hafe take it,
 Dey smash in de gate,
 Und inshpired by Gott's fury,
 Dey shdole all de plate.

From shamber to shamber
 Dey fighted deir way,
 Till dead in de hall
 De Franzosen all lay ;
 Und dere shtood a mädchen,
 So lieblich und hold,
 Who laugh at de dead
 Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,
 To 'm mädel so lind,
 Spoke courtly und tender :
 “ Vy laughst dou, mein kind ? ”
 Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,
 Mit lippe so red,
 Said, “ Vy *not* shall I laughen ?
 Vhen Frenchmen are dead.

“ I coom here from Deutschland,
 De shildren to teach ;
 Dey mock me for Deutsch,
 Und dey sneer at mein speech ;

Und since de war komm,
 I vas nearly gone mad,
 You wouldn't beliefe
 How dey dreet me so pad."

Mit a tear Breitmann bend
 To de peaudifool miss ;
 "Crate Gott ! cans't dou suffer
 Soosh horrors ash dis ?"
 His arm round de maiden
 Der hero has bound,
 Und it shtaid dere goot while,
 Fore dey got it unwound.

"Ho ! fetch me de diamonds !
 Ho ! shell out de rings !
 Mit all in de castle
 Of dat sort of dings."
 Twas brought to de Captain—
 A donderin load :
 At de veet of de mädchen
 Dat ploonder he trowed.

"Ho ! pring oos champagner !
 Und light oop de hall !
 Dis night der Herr Breitmann
 Will gife you a ball.

Dat pile of dead vellers,
 Vot died for La France,
 May see, if dey like,
 How de Shermans can tance."

Dey find laties' garments,
 Und—troot to confess—
 Likewise som Fräntschi maidens,
 Who help dem to tress.
 De rest of de Uhlans
 Who hadn't soosh loves,
 Fixed oop in black clothes
 Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei ! for de fittles !
 Und hei ! for clavier !
 For de tantz of de Uhlans—
 De men of de speer !
 How de shendlemen ashk
 If dey'd blease introduce ;
 How de ladies mit beards
 Were called Espionnes Prusses !

Hei, ho ! how dey tanzét !
 Hei, ho ! how dey sang !
 How mit klingen of glasses
 De braun arches rang.

How dey trill from deir hearts
Ash dey pour out der wein,
De songs of de Oberland,—
Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,
All whirlin around,
Vent Hans mit de maiden
In Bacchanal bound.
She helt to his peard,
Und dey gissed as if mad ;
I tont dink dat efer
Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,
Ever calm on de floor,
Was a row of still guests
Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.
Mit plood shtreams black winding,
Der lord mit his men,
When der Youngest Day cooms
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
So rash und so wild !
Hoorah for der Uhlan,
Der teuvel's own child !—

Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Party,"
Dey 'll sing it for years ;
De lords of de lanzes,
De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coontry,
Dey ploonder de town ;
Und when dey are oop
De Franzosen go down ;
For pefore de wild Norsemen
Weak Southrons moost flee,
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine !

Europe.

BREITMANN IN PARIS.

(1869.)

“Recessit in Franciam.”

“Et affectu pectoris,
Et toto gestu corporis,
Et scholares maxime,
Qui festa colunt optime.”

—*Carmina Burana, 13th century.*

 ER teufel 's los in Bal Mabille,
 Dere 's hell-fire in de air,
 De fiddleis can't blay noding else
 Boot Orphée aux Enfeis :
 Vot makes de beoples howl mit shoy ?
 Da capo—bravo !—bis !!
 It's a Deutscher aus Amerikà :
 Hans Breitmann in Paris

Dere's silber tougts vot might hafe peen,
 Dere's golden deeds vot *must* :
 Der Hans ish come to Frankenland
 On one eternal bust.
 Der same old rowdy Argonaut
 Vot hoont de same oldt vleece,
 A hafin all de foon dere ish—
 Der Breitmann in Paris.

Mit a gal on eider shoulder
 A holdin py his beard,
 He tantz de Cancan, sacrament !
 Dill all das Volk vas skeered.
 Like a roarin hippopotamos,
 Mit a kangarunic shoomp,
 Dey feared he 'd smash de Catacombs,
 Each dime der Breitmann bump.

De pretty liddle cocodettes
 Lofe efery dings ish new,
 "D'ou vient il donc ce grand M'sieu ?
 O sacré nom de Dieu !"
 In fain dey kicks deir veet on high,
 And sky like vlyin geese,
 Dey can not kick de hat afay
 From Breitmann in Paris.

O where vas id der Breitmann life?
 Oopon de Rond Point gay,
 Vot shdreet lie shoost pehind his house?
 La rue de Rabelaïs.
 Aroundt de corner Harpei's shtands
 Vhere Yankee drinks dey mill,
 While shdraight ahet, agross de shdreet,
 Dere lies de Bal Mabille.

Id's all along de Elysées,
 Id's oop de Boulevarce,
 He's sampled all de weinshops,
 Und he's vinked at efery garçé.
 Dou schveet plack-silken Gabrielle,
 O let me learn from dee,
 If 'tis in lofe—or absinthe dunks,
 Dat dis wild ghost may pe?

Und dou may'st kneel in Notre Dame,
 Und veep avay dy sin,
 While I go vight at Barriere balls,
 Oontil mine poots cave in;
 Boot if ve pray, or if ve sin—
 While nodings ish refuse,
 'Tis all de same in Paris here,
 So long ash *l'on s'amuse*.

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,
Ish boot a vancy ball,
Its cratest shoy a vild *gallop*,
Vhere madness goferns all.
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,
Und nefer leafe a shbark,
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen—or—
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe !
O keep a liddel sprung !
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis :
To go it while you 're yung !
Und Age vas nefer coom to him.
To him Spring plooms afiesh,
Who finds a livin' spirit in
Der Teufel und der Flesh.

BREITMANN IN LA SORBONNE.

ER Breitmann sits in La Sorbonne,
A note-pook in his hand,

'Tvas dere he vent to lectures,
Und in oldt Louis le Grand.

Id's more ash two und dwendy years
Since here I used mein pen ;
Oh, where ish all de characders,
Dat I hafe known since denn ?

Der cratest boet efer vas,
Der pest I efer known,
Vent lecdures here, too, shoost like me,
Le Sieur Françoys Villon.
He raise de teufel all arount,
He hear de Sorbonne chime ;
Crate shpirid ender in mein heart,
Und mofe mein soul to rhyme.

Balade.

Dictes moy—in what shpiit land
Ish Clara Lafontaine ?
Or Pomaré, or La Frisette,
Who blazed on soosh a train ?

Shveet Echo flings de quesdion pack,
 O'er lake or shdreamlet lone ;
 All earthly peauty fades afay,
 Vhere ish dem lofed ones gone ?

Oh, vhere ish Lola Montez now,
 So loved in efery land ?
 How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes
 She rollt mit vairy hand !
 Dat mighdy soul, dat shplendit brick,
 A saint's pecome to be,
 For mit soosh saints der Breitmann make
 His Hagiologie.

Und vhere ish La Pochardinette ?
 Ish she too mit de dead ?
 She loafed de Latin Quarter mit
 A hat und fedder on her het.
 Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette !
 Qui ne safait refuser,
 Ni la ponche à la bleine ferre,
 Ni sa pouche à un paiser.

O Prince ! dese quesdions all are nix,
 I sit here all alone,
 Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,
 Vhere ish mein lofed vons gone ?

Vhen Marcovitch has cut und run,
Und Schneider's off de ving,
Some cray old reprobate like me
Vill of dese lofed vons sing.

BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.

DERE woned once a studente,
All in der Stadt Paris,*
Whom jeder der ihn kennte,
Der rowdy Breitmann hiess.
He roosted in de rue La Harpe,
Im Luxembourg Hotel,
'Twas shoost in anno '48,
Dat all dese dings pefel.

Boot he who vouldt go hoontin now
To find dat rue La Harpe,
Moost hafe oongommon shpecdagles,
Und look darnation sharp.
For der Kaisar und his Hausmann
Mit hauses made so vree.
Dere roon shoost now a Bouleverse
Vhere dis shdreet used to pe.

* There is a German student's song which begins with this couplet.

In dis Hotel de Luxembourg,
A vild oldt shdory say,
A shtudent vonce pring home a dame,
Und on de nexter day,
He pooled a ribbon from her neck—
Off fell de lady's het ;
She 'd trafelled from de guillotine,
Und walked de city—deadt.

Boot Breitmann nefer cared himself
If dis vas falsch or drue,
I kess he hat mit lishin gals
Pout quite enough to do.
Und Februar vas gomin,
Ganz revolutionnaire,
Und vhere der Teufel had work on hand,
Der Hans vas alvays dere.

Und darker grew de people's brows,
No Banquet could dey raise,
So dey shtood und shvoie at gorners,
Or dey singed de Marseillaise.
Und here und dere a crashin sound
Like forcin shutters ran,
Und boorstin gun-schmidts' windows in
Hard workded der Breitemann.

He helped to howl Les Girondins,
 To cheer de people's hearts ;
 He maket dem bild parricades
 Mit garriages und garts.
 Vhen a bretty maiden sendine]
 Vonce ask de countersign,
 He gafe das kind a rousin giss,
 Gott hute dir und dein !

Und wilder vent de pattle,
 France spread her oriflamme,
 Und deeper roared de sturm-bell,
 De bell of Notre Dame ;
 Und he who nefer heard it,
 O'er shots und cries of fear,
 Loud booming like a dragon's roar,
 Has someding yet to hear.

Und in de Faubourg Sainte Antoine
 Dere comed a fusillade,
 Und dyin groans und fallin deadt
 Vere roundt dat parricade.
 But der song of Revolution
 From a tousand voices round,
 Made a fearful opera gorus
 T'o de deat' gries on de ground.

Und all around dose parucciades
 Dey raise der teufel dere ;
 Somedimes dey vork mit pig-axes,
 Und somedimes mit gewehr.
 Dey maket prifate houses
 Gife all deir arms afay,
 Und denn oopon de panels
 Dey writet *Armes données.*

Und ve saw mid roarin vollies,
 Shtreaked like banded settin suns,
 Two regiments coome ofer,
 Und telifer oop deir guns.
 Hei !—how de deers vere roonin :
 Hei !—how dey gryed hurrahs !
 For dey saw de vight vas ofer,
 Und dey know dey gained deir cause.

Dus spoke deir hearts outboorstin,
 In battle by de blade,
 From sun to sun mit roarin gun
 Und donnerin parricade.
 In vain pefore de depudies
 De princes tremblin stood,
 Vot cooms in France too late a day
 Cooms shoost in dime for blood.

Vhen de Tuileries vas daken,
 Amid de scotterin shot,
 Und vlyin stones, und howlin,
 Und curses vild und hot,
 'Tvas dere Hans clobbed his musket,
 Und dere de man vas first
 To roosh into de palace,
 Ven de toors vere in-geburst.

Some vellers burn de quart-haus,
 Some trink des Königs wein ;
 Some fill deir hats mit rasbry sham,
 Und prandy beeches fein.
 Hans Breitmann in de gitchen
 Vas shdare like avery ding,
 To see vot lots of victual-de-dees
 Id dakes to feed a king.

Und oder volk, like plackguarts,
 Vent dook de goaches out ;
 Und burnin dem, dey rolled dem
 Afay mit yell und shout.
 Der Breitmann in der barlor,
 Help writen rapidly,
La liberté pour la Pologne !
Likevise—pour l'Italie !

Den in der Tuilleries courtyard
Ten tousand volk come on ;
Dey vas gissin und hurrahin
For to dink der king vas gone.
Some vas hollerin und tantzin
Round de blazin oldt caboose ;
Vhen Fräntschen kits a goin,
Den dey lets der teufel loose.

Boot von veller set me laughin,
Who roosh madly roun de field ;
He hat rop de Cluny Museum,
Und gestohlen speer und schild.
Mit a sblentit royal charger,
Vitch he hat somewhere found,
Like a trunken wild Don Quixote,
He vent tearin oop und round.

Doun vent de line of Bourbons.
Doun vent de vork of years,
Ash de pillars of deir temple
Ge-crashed like splintered speers ;
Und o'er dem rosed a phantom,
Wild, beautiful, und weak,
While millions gry arount her—
Vive ! vive la Republique !

Tiee days mid shdifflin powder shmoke,
Tree days mid cheers und groans,
Ve fought to guard de parricades,
Or pile dem oop mit shtones.
De hand vitch held de bistol denn,
Or made de crowbar bite,
Das war de same Hans Breitmann's hand
Vitch now dese verses write.

Breitmann in Belgium.

Vlaenderen, dag en nacht

Denk ik aan u.

Waei ik ook ben en vaer,

Gy zyt my altyd naer.

Vlaenderen, dag en nacht

Denk ik aan u.

Overal vrolykheid,

Overal lust

Maegden van fier gelaet,

Knapen zoo vroom en diaet.

Overal vrolykheid,

Overal lust.

Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

S P A.

HHEN sommer drees shake fort deir leafs,
Ash maids shake out deir locks,
Und singen mit de rifullets,
Vitch ripplen round de rocks,
Und beople swarm land-outwards,
Und cities weary men,
Hans Breitmann rode de Belgier mark
For Spa in Les Ardennes.

Und vhen he came to Spadenland,
 He found it fein und fair,
 For dey pour him out de péké schnapps,
 Dazu elixir rare ;
 Und mit a soldier's inshdink
 To find a shanse to shoot,
 Mitout delay he fire afay
 Right in de Grande Redoute.*

De virst shot dat der Breitmann fired
 He pring de peaches down,
 For he hit de double zéro mit
 A gold Napoleon.
 Und ash he raked de shiners in,
 He hummed a liddle doon :
 “ I kess I tont try dat again,”
 Said he, dis afdernoon.

Boot vhen he coom to *rouge et noir*,
 A tear fell triplin denn,
 Id look so moosh like goot old dimes,
 To come dose games again.
 Yet vhen he lossed a hundred francs,
 He sadly toorned afay,
 “ I ’d rader *keep* de tiger here,
 Dan vight him, any day.”

* La Redoute—the gambling-room at Spa.

Und shtanding py de daple,
 He saw a French lorette
 Vat porrowed shpecie all around,
 Und lossed at efery bet.
 “ Id ’s all de same mit dis or dat,
 Or any kind of sin,
 De lorette or de rolette—bot’
 Will make de money shpin.”

He trinket of Le Pouhon well,
 Und from La Sauveniére ;
 He tried it ad de Barisart,
 Und auch de Géronstére.
 “ Dey say dat Troot’ lie in a well,
 So trink from all we can,
 Und here we ’ll prove dat Troot is Health,”
 Dat ’s so, says Breitemann.

So long in ruined Franchimont
 He sat on hollowed ground,
 Und dinked of Wilhelm de la Marck,
 Who ’d raked dat coontry round.
 “ Mein Gott ! how id vas mofe mine heart
 To read in hishdory,
 Und find de scattered shinin lights
 Of vellers shoost like *me!*

“ Dis nople boar-pig of Ardennes,
 Dis shtately Wallowin lord,
 Vas make him vamous py de pen,
 Und glorious py de swordt.
 Und showed his hero-scholarship,
 Ven he wrote to de pishop, ‘ Sat:s,
 Brulabo monasterium
 Vestrum, si non payatis.’

“ Dey say dat in de keller here
 Dere lifes a coblin briest,
 Dereto a teufelsjagersmann
 Vot guard a specie chest.
 O if I vonce could find de vay,
 Und spot dat box of checks,
 I voonder shoost how long 'twould pe
 Pefore I 'd twis deir necks.”

Und in de Walk of Meyerbeer,
 Vhere plashin brooklets ring,
 He see vhere in de water wild
 De wood-birds flip deir wing.
 “ Ash de prooklet’s lost in de rifer,
 Und de rifer’s lost in de sea,
 Mine soul kits lost on water ‘ plain,’ ”
 Says Breitemann, says he.

Und ash he walked de Meyerbeer
 He marcked, peside de way,
 A rock shoost like a wild boar's head,
 Vraie tête du sanglier.
 Der Breitmann heafe a shiant sigh,
 Und say mit 'motion grand :
 Von crate idée ish über all
 In dis der Schweinpig's land.

He drafel troo de Val d'Ambléve,
 He lounge de schweet Sept Heures,
 He shdare indo de window-shops,
 Und see de painted ware.*
 He looket at de fans und dings,
 Denn said, " To tell de trut',
 Dere 's painted vares more dear ash dis
 Oop shdairs in La Redoute."

Und sittin in de Champignon,
 Vitch rose 'neat Lofe's schweet hand,
 He read in books of Marmontel,
 Of Jeannette et Lubin.
 Id 's nice to see Simplicitas
 Rococoed oop mit vlowers,
 Und dink *soosh* virtue shdill may life
 In dis base woldt of ours.

* Spa is famous for painted ornamental wooden ware, such as fans and boxes.

'Tvas here, opon de Spadoumont
 Deir gottashe used to set ;
 'Tvas here they keeped von simple cow
 Likevise an lettuce-bett.
 Berhaps I hafe crown vorldy since,
 Yet shdill may druly say,
 Dat in mine poyhood's tays I vas
 Apout so good ash dey.

But he vot vant to see dis land,
 Und has nod time for all :
 Eash woodland nook und shady brook :
 On Herr Maicette shouldt call.
 For he has baintet all to live
 Vhen de drees deinselvs are gone ;
 Und shoost so goot as artist, auch,
 Ish he bon compagnon.

Farevell, schveet Spa—dou home of vlowers
 Of ruin and of rock,
 Vhere wild pirds sing und de band ish blay
 Eash tay at sefen o'clock.
 If all de shbrees dat Spa has seen
 Vere melted into von
 De soul vouldt reach Nirwana—lost
 In transcendental fun.

OSTENDE.

Hupsa ! jonker Jan,
Die wel ruiter worden kan.



OON tidings to der Breitmann came
Ash he sat at table end,
Dere's right goot fisch at Blankenbergh,
Und oysters in Ostend.
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,
To Ostland o'er de sand,
Dou und I mit pridle drawn
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und vhen dey shtood bei Ostersee,
Vhere de waters roar like sin,
Dere coom five hundert fischer volk
To dake der Breitmann in.
“Gott's doonder ! Should ve doomple down
Amoong de waters plue,
I kess you 'd vant more help from me
Dan I should vant from you !

“ If you hat peen vhere I hafe peen
 Und see vot *I* hafe see,
 Vhere de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,
 In de land of Nieuw Jarsie ,
 Und schwimmed dat surf ash *I* hafe schwimmed,
 Peside de Jersey stran’ ”——
 From dat day fort’ de Ostland men
 Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him shvearin so,
 I dinked he’d nefer cease,
 De Ostend oysters kostet more
 In Ostend als Paris.
 Hans asked an ancident fisherman,
 To ‘plain dis if he may,
 Und says he, “ Mijn Heer—dey’re beter hier
 Als ein hundert leagues afay.

“ Und as de oysters beter hier
 Of course dey kostet moie”——
 Der Breitmann dook his bilcrin shdaff,
 Und tooined him to de toor.
 Says Hans, “ De Vlaemsche fischermen
 Can sheat de voildt I pet,
 Dey sheaten von anoder too,
 All’s fisch to a Dutchman’s net.

“Der king peginned a palace hier,
De palace hat to shtop,
He foundt de beoples sheaten so
He gife de bildin oop.
Aldough das Leben hier ish goot,
Ad least Ostend-sibly”——
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut
Dat city py de sea.

G E N T.

Wie kennt die stad waer alles nog
Van Vlaenderens groothed spreekt?
Waer ontrouw, valscheid en bedrog
Van schæmte nog verbleekt?

—LEDEGANCK.

 F I hat gold, as I hafe time,
I tells you how 'tvere shpent,
On efery year I'd shtay a week
In Vlanderen's hoofstad, Gent.
For, oh ! de sweet wild veelins,
In dat stad do mofe me so,
Vhen I'd dink of all de clorious men
Vot life dere long aco.

If efer man hat manly heart,
He'd veel dat heart to beat,
Vhen mit de oldten dime of Ghent
He valks troo efery shdreet.
Und ach ! de volk are yet so goot,
It gave me soosh a pliss,
Ven I hear a bier-hous spielman sing
A melody like dis :—

“ Het was op eenen Monday,
All on a Monday free,
Dat mijnheere Jacob Van Artevelde
Unto his men said he :
He seide—‘ Mijn lief gesellen,
Ve all moost ride out land,
And trive our way to Bruges town,
Or Brussel in Braband.’

“ Und as he oonto Brussel cam,
De meisjes sprong from bed,
Und found Mynheere Van Artevelde
Mit a cross-bolt troo his head.”
Und shoost pecause dis bier-hous song
Recht troo my heartsen vent,
I feel dat I could life und die
All in de down of Gent.

Breitmann in Holland.

'S GRAVENHAGE.—THE HAGUE.

GN dis boem, mein freund der Herr Breitmann hafe his fiews on art pefore-geset mit a deepness und short-hood vich is bropably oonliked in Aesthetik. Ve hafe here, within de circumcomprehensifeness of dirty-two lines, a théorie vitch—shortsomely expressed—sends to der teufel efery dings ash vas efer gescribed pefore on kunst or art, und maket efery podies from Baumgartner doun to Fischer und Taine, look shoost like puddin-headet old gasbalgs. Boot to de boem. For de informadion of dem ash ish not gestudied art, I vould shtate dat Adriaan Brauwer (who ish as regards an unvollkomene technik de first of all Holland malers), vas nefer paint nodings boot droonken plackguards und liederlich dings, und Van Ostade und Jan Steen vas in most deir bilds a goot deal like him.

—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

Hans reitet troo de Nederland,
From Rotterdam below,
To Gravenhaag und Leyden
Und Haarlem—all a row ;

He shtoodit in de galleries
 A tausend works of art ;
 Boot ach—der Adriaan Brauwer,
 Vent most teapest to his heart

Und dus exclaim der Breitmann
 In woonder-solemn shdrain,
 “ De cratest men vere Brauwer,
 Van Ostadé, und Jan Steen
 Der Raffael vas vel enof;
 Dat ish in his shmall vay ;
 Boot—Gott im Himmel !—vot vas he
 Coompared mit soosh as dey ?

“ Shoost see dat vight of tröonken boors
 Von tears de oder’s goat :
 While de oder mit a pointet knife
 Ish goin for his troat.
 Und a mädchen mit a tree-leg shtuhl
 Ish clip him on de het,
 In dese higher human passion valks,
 Der Raffael’s coldt und deadt.

“ De more ve digs into de eart’—
 Or less ve seeks a star,—
 De nearer ve to *Natur* coom,
 More panthéistich far ;

To him who reads dis myst'ry right,
Mit insbiration gifen,
Der Raffael's rollen in de dirt,
While Brauwer soars to Heafen."

LEYDEN.

IS shveet to valk in Holland towns
Apout de twilicht tide,
When all ish shdill on proad canals,
Safe where a poat may clide.
Shdrange light on darkenin vater falls,
In long soft lines afar,
Der abenddroth on dunkelheit,
Vitch shows—or hides—a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt
So quainly, left und right,
Pedween each pridge und shattow, lies,
A lemon of yellow light,
Und das volk a-goin ober,
So darklin onwards pass,
Dey look like Chinese shattows—shown
Apofe a lookin-glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,
Sogar die efenin preeze,
Ish only heardt far ober het
In dese long lines of drees ;

A real oldt Holland feelin
 Cooms gadderin ober all,
 You 'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen
 Oopon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses!—how dey 'd mofe
 An old New Yorker's heart,
 Time vas—twix dese und dose at home
 You could'nt tell 'em part,
 Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,
 Und parlors town so low
 You see de crates a glowin prite
 O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere 's comfort-full of avery dings,
 You veel it ash you look,
 You knows de volks ish opulend,
 Und keep a bully cook ;
 Und opon de high camine,
 Or here und dere on shelf,
 Dere 's Japanesisch dings in rows,
 Pe mingled oop mit delf.

Deres noding in dis Holland life,
 Vitch seems of present day,
 De fery shildren in de shdreeds
 Loók quaintlich as dey blay

De liddle rosy housemaids,
In bicdures vell I know,
De dames und heers hafe all an air
Of sixdy years ago.

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory
Und for romantisch seek,
De ding dat moes most teeply ish
Old-vashioned—not antique.
O if you live in Leyden town
You 'll meet, if troot' pe told,
De forms of all de freunds who tied
When du werst six years old.

SCHEVENINGEN.

OR DE MAIDEN'S COORSE.

Oldt Flàmisch.

 ET vas Mijn Heer van Torenborg,
 Ride oud opon de sand,
 Und vait to hear a paardeken ;
 Coom tromplin fiom de land.

He vaited vhen de boeren volk
 Vent oud opon de plain,
 He vaited dill de veary crows
 Flew nestwarts home acain.

He vaited ash de wild fox vaits
 In long-some hoonger noth,
 He vaited dill de fitterin bats
 Vere plack on Abendroth
 Id 's woe to watch for taily bread
 Or bide forgotten call,
 Boot oh, to vait for heartsen lofe
 I sh veariest of dem all.

“ O dat ish not mine laity’s prooch
 Shoost now so star-like shined,
 O dat ish not mine laity’s haar
 Soft floatin on de wind.
 Her goot crayhound mit soosh a step
 Vas nefer vont to go,
 Und dat is niet her paardeken
 Whose shtep so vell I know.

“ Dat light ish speer light from a lanz
 Vitch ’ll part mine pody und soul,
 De floatin haar is a pennon gay
 Or wafin banderol
 De crayhound ish a ploot-hound wild
 Vitch long has diacked me here,
 Und het paardeken ish a var-horse
 Vot has hoonted me like deer.”

Well shpoke Mijn Heer van Torenboig
 All drue vas afery wordt,
 For dey bored him troo mit lanzen,
 Und dey hewed him mit de swordt.
 Dey killt him armloss, harmlos ;
 De plooty reiver band ;
 Und puried him so careloosly
 Dat his vace shtick out de sand.

Boot e'er night's plack hat toorned to red
 Or e'er de stars vere gone,
 Dere came de shtep of a paardeken
 Soft tromplin, tromplin on.
 A laity fair climped off on him
 Und trip mit dainty toes :—
 Boot oh, mijn Gott !—how she vas shkream
 Ven she trot on her drue lofe's nose !

“ Oh vot ish dis I trots opon ?
 Ids shape fool well I know,
 Dere nefer yet vas flower like dis
 Dat in de garten crow.
 Dere nefer yet vas fruit like dis
 Ash ripen on a dree ;
 Het is Mijn Heer van Torenboig
 Dat kan ik blainly see.

“ Dat heerlijk nose, van Torenborg,
 Ish known of anciend dime,
 'Tis writ in olten chronikel
 Und sung in minsrel rhyme.
 Und dis, de noblest of de race
 Since hishdory pegans,
 Ish shtickin here—shdraighdt out de dirt,
 Shoost like some boer manns.

“ Oh cuss de man dat mordered him !
 Ach, cuss him oop and down,
 Ja—cuss him troo de forest roads,
 Und tamn him in de toun !
 Und burn his vater und moder,
 Vhere'er deir vootshteps vall,
 Mit his schwesters und his broders,
 De teufel rake dem all !

“ May afery cuss dat e'er vas cusst,
 Since cussin foorst pegan ;
 Pe hoorled in von drementous cuss,
 Acainsdt dat nasdy man !
 From de foorst crate cuss on Adam,
 To de smalles' of de crop ”—
 Here de tead man gafe a shifer,
 Und gry oud—“ For Gott's sake—*shlop* !

“ Dere 's a cerdain lot of shweain,
 Witch anger alvays crafes ;
 Boot spite like dat 's enof to pring
 De tead men from deir craves.
 I can't lie here no longer,
 Und hear soosh pizen pain ;
 Und since you 've shtirred me out, I kess
 I 'll coom to life acain.”

Mit von drementous shkream of pliss,
 His drue lofe shtood de shock
 Den catcht him wildly py de nose,
 " Ach Torenboig—lev'st du nock !
 Ach ja—du aint'st nod tead yet !
 Dere 's life shdill lef' pehind,
 Gott pless de chance dat lef' dy nose,
 Shdill wafin in de wind."

Mit hands all ofer diamonds,
 She loosed de sand apout,
 Mit an oyster-shell so wildly
 She digged her loser out.
 " Und now dou'it in free air, loſe !
 Who warst shoost now in sand !
 Dere vas'nt ish a nicer man,
 In all de Nederland !"

Vhere vas dit liedeken written,
 Vhere vas dit liedeken sing,
 Dat had gedone Hans Breitmann,
 In de town of Schevening !
 'Tvas written ober Rheinwein,
 'Tvas written ober bier—
 Und wer das lied gesungen hat,
 Gott geb ihm ein glucklich's jahr.*

* And to him who sung this song,
 God give a happy year !

AMSTERDAM.

TO Amsterd—m came Breitmann
All in de Kermes tide ;
Yonge Maegden allegader
Filled de straat on afery side.

De meisjes in de straaten
Vere tantzin alle nacht long ;
Dere vas kissen, dere vas trinken,
Mit a roar of Holland song.

Who went into de straaten
Ven de sonn had gone his day,
De Dootch gals quickly grapped him,
Und tantzed him wild avay.
Dere was der Prinz von Capua,
Who fell among dese wags ;
Dey tantzed him off in a carmagnole,
Und sent him home in rags.

Und den at afery gorner,
So peaudifool to see,
De volk was bilin dough-nuts,
Or else was fryin tea.

Und Kermes cakes mit boetry,
 Vitch land-volk dinks a dreat,
 Mit all of Barnum's blayed out shows
 In dents along de shdreet.

Id pring de tears to Breitmann's eyes,
 To find in many a shtand
 Vot oft he'd baid a quarder for
 To see in a distand land.
 De Aztec dwins und de Siamese
 (Dough soom vere a wachsen sham);
 Mit de Bearded Frau und de Bear Woman—
 All here in Amsterdam.

De fashion here in Nederland
 Ish not vot you'd soopose,
 Mit oos, men bays de vomens,
 Boot de Dootch gals hires deir beaux !
 Dey hire dem for de season,
 Und pecause moosh rain ish fell,
 Dey alvays bays a higher brice,
 For a man mit an umberell.

Und dere was Nord Hollander maids,
 So woonderfool to see,
 Mit caps of gold und goldne pins,
 End quaint orfleverie.

Likewise de Zeeland boersmen,
 Mit silber bootons gay ;
 Und silber belts, und silber knives,
 Mijn Gott !—how sdrange vere dey !

But dough de men wore silber gear,
 Und de vrouws in gold were tall,
 De gals vere gabbln all de dimes,
 Und de men said noding at all.
 “ Dey say dat sbeech is silbern,
 Boot silence golden pe,
 Dat aint de vay dey vork id here,”
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Goot Gott ! how Breitmann vent it,
 In moonlighdt or in rain ;
 Den vakened to Schied—m it,
 Ven de mornin peamed again.
 For to solfe von awfool broblem,
 He vas efer shdill incline ;
 If—den wijn is beter als de min,*
 Or—de min doet veel meer als de wijn.

Dwo weeks der Breitmann studiet,
 Vile he vent it on de howl.

* If wine is better than loving,
 Or if love doth much more than wine.

He shpree so moosh to find de troot,
 Dat he lookt like a bi-led owl.
 Den he say, "Ik wil honor Bacchus.
 So long as ik leven shall,
 Boot not so moosh vercieren
 As to blace him ofer all.

De rose of lofe is lofely
 In zomer ven it plow;
 De bush shdill gifes a bromise,
 In winter mid de shnow;
 Ja, als de bloeme is geplukt,
 En van den steel genomen,*
 Ve know de peautiful vill life,
 Till zomer is gekomen.

Boot oh dose vas arch-heafenly dimes,
 Ven by mine lofe I sat;
 Und see de maedchen pring de grapes,
 Und crash dem in a vat.
 Und ven her glances unto mine
 In plessfool ropture tooin;
 I dink dere ne'er vas no dwo crapes
 Like dem plue eyes of hern.

* Yes, when the flower is plucked.

T And taken from the stem.

Wat is soeter als de trinken,*
 Ja—naet kan beter zyn.
 Niet is soeter as de minne,
 It smackt nog beter als wijn.
 Es giebt nichts wie die Mädchen,
 Es gibt nichts wie das Bier,
 Wer liebt nicht alle beide,
 Wird gar kein Cavalier.

O vot ve vant to quickest come,
 Ish dat vot 's soonest gone.
 Dis life ish boot a passin from
 De efer-gomin-on.
 De closer dat ve looks ad id,
 De shsmaller it ish grow ;
 Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein,
 He makes it fastest go.

* What is sweeter than this drinking ?
 Yes—naught can better be.
 Naught is sweeter, though, than loving ;
 It tastes better than wine to me.
 There's nothing like the maidens,
 There's nothing like good beer,
 And he who does not love them both
 Can be no cavalier.

Germany.

BREITMANN AM RHEIN.—COLOGNE.



OW wunderschön das Vaterland
In audumn-life abbears ;
Vot rainpows gild ıds vallies ciand,
Ven seen troo vallin tears.
Und VON I'll creet mit sang und klang,
Und drown in goldnen wein ;
Old Deutschland's cot her sohn agan :
Hans Breitmann's on der Rhein.

Und doughts ish schwell dat mighdy hear;
Too awfool for make known ,
Ven dey shunt him from de railroat car
Und tropped him in Cologne.
De holy towers of de dome
Cleam, twilicht-veiled, afar ;
Und like some lonely bilgrim's pipe,
Dfm shines de efenin star.

Hans look to find his baggage check,
 Und see dat all ish shdraighdts,
 Denn toorn him to de city toors,
 “ Mein nadife land—wie gehts ? ”
 Boot *dat's* vot all who read may run—
 Fool blainly armies write ;
 Id's ofer all half Shermany,
 Set down in Black and White.

Oh, Black and White ! O Weiss and Schwarz !
 Vot dings ish dis to see ?
 I wonder vot in future years
 Your mission ish to pe ?
 Also in crate America
 We had soosh colors too !
 Die Färb' sind mir nicht unbekannt *—
 Id's shoost *tout comme chez nous.*

Next tay to de Cathedral
 He vent de dings to view,
 Und found it shoost drei thaler cost
 To see de sighds all troo.
 “ Id's tear,” said Hans ; “ boot go ahet,
 I 'fe cot de cash all right ;
 Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands
 Vot mosdly see de sighdt !

* The colours are not unknown to me. *

“ Im Mittelalter I hafe read
 De shoorsh vas alvays sure—
 An open bicode gallerie,
 Und book for all de poor.
 Boot now de dings is so arrange
 No poor volk can get in ;
 We Yankees und de Englisch are
 Pout all ash shbends de tin.

“ I shmiles like Mephistopheles
 In shoorshes ven I see
 Poor Catholics vollerin round apout
 To shdeal a sighdt—troo ME !
 Dey peep und creep roundt chapel gates,
 Boot soon kits trofe afay,
 Dey gross demselfs, und make a brayer—
 Boot den dey cannot bay !

“ Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn
 More goot in Italy,
 Where beoples bays shoost half de brice,
 For ten dimes more to see,
 De volk vot dink I shbeak sefere
 Apout dese Küster vays,
 May read vot Mr Bädeker
 If his Belgine Hand Buch says.”

Und valkin oop und town de down
 Von ding vas shdill de same:
 Shoost ash of oldt he saw de shpread
 Of Jean Farina s name.
 He find it nort', he find it sout',
 He find it eferyvhere ;
 Dere vas no house in all Cologne
 Boot J. M. F. vas dere.* .

De best Cologne in all Cologne
 I 'll shwear for cerdain sure,
 Ish maket in de Jülichspatz
 Und dat at Numero Four.
 Boot of dis Cologne in Jülichspatz
 Let dis pe undershtood,
 Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,
 While some is foorst-rate good.

Boot von ding drafellers moost opserve,
 Dis treadful trut I dells,
 Fast ash dis Farinaceous crowd
 So vast hafe grown the schniells—

* “ Ils etaient deux alors ; ils sont mille aujourd hui
 Sur ces temps primitifs le doux progrés a lui,
 Et chaque jour le Rhin vers Cologne charrie
 De nombreux Farinas, tous ‘seul,’ tous ‘Jean Marie’ ”

Le Maout, “ *Le Parfumeur*,” cited by Eugene Rummel in
Le Livre des Parfums, Paris, 1870.

Dose awfool schmells in gass' und strass'
 Vitch mofe crate Coleridge squalm :
 If *so* he wrote, vot vouldt he write
 Apout dem now, py tam ?

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,
 Py gutter, sink, or well,
 At efery gorner of Cologne
 Dere's von can peat dat schmell.
 When dere you go you'll find it so,
 Don't dake de ding on troost ;
 De meanest skunk in Yankee land
 Vould die dere of disgooost.

Boot noding dinked der Breitmann
 Of schmutz or idle schein,
 When he sat in Abendämmerung
 Und looket owd on der Rhein
 Im goldnen gleam—while pealin far
 Rang shlow, shveet kloster bells,
 Und in de dim, plue peaudiful,
 Rose distant Drachenfels.

Dey trinket lieb Liebfrauenmilch,
 So pure ash woman's trut' ;
 De singed de songs of Shermny,
 De songs of Breitmann's yout'.

De songs mit tears of vanished years,

Made peaudiful in wein.

Dus endet out de firster tay

Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

AM RHEIN.—NO. II.

IM KAHN.

Were diu werlt alle min,
Von deme mere unze an den Rin,
Des wolt ih mih darben,
Daz diu dame von Engellant
Lege an minen armen.

—*Carmina Burana*.



M Rhein ! Acain am Rheine !
In boat oopon der Rhein!
De castle-bergs soft goldnen
Im Abendsonnenschein,
Mit lots of Rudesheimer,
Und saitenklang und sang,
Und laties singin lieder,
Ash ve go sailin 'long.

Und von fair Englisch dame
Vas dere, so wunderscheen ;
Vene'er der Breitmann saw her,
Id made his heartsen pain.

Oh, dose long-tailed veilchen Augen,
 Vitch voke soosh hopes und fears,
 Deir shape vas nod like almonds,
 Boot more like fallin tears.

Und shpecdagles were o'er dem,
 De glass of pince-nez kind,
 In mercy to de beoples,
 Less dey pe shdrucken blind.
 Und gazin in dem glasses,
 Reflected he pehold
 De Rhine, mit all de shdeam-poats,
 Und crags in Sonnengold.

De signs upon de bier-haus ;
 De gals a-washin close ;
 De wein-garts on de moundain,
 Like heafenly shdairs in rows ;
 De banks, basaltic-paven,
 Like bee-hife cells to view ;
 A donkey shtandin on dem,
 Likevise her lofer too.

All dis oopon dos glasses
 Vas blainly to pe seen ;
 One saw whate'er vas nodiced,
 Py de schöne Engländrinn.

Boot oh ! de fery lofe-most
 Of all dat lofe-most pe
 Her own plue veilchen Augen—
 Herself she couldt not see.

So ist es in dis Leben ;
 For beaudy oft we spied,
 Nor know de cratest peaudy
 Ish in our soul inside.
 Mein Gott ! Vot himmlisch shplendor
 Vas seen mitout an toubt,
 If some crate bower supernal
 Vas toorn life insite out !

Und gazin long on Natur,
 Und gazin long on Man,
 Shdill all dings glite vorüber,
 Ash since de vorldt pegan :
 Ash in dat laity's glasses,
 Ve see dem bassin py ;
 Yet veel a soul beneat' dem,
 A schweet eternal eye.

O schöne Englisch maiden
 Mit honey colored hair,
 Dat flows ash if a bienen korb
 ~ Had got oopsettet dere—

Und all de schweetness of your soul
 Vas driplin from your brain !
Oh shall I efer meet mit dir
 Opon dis eart' acain ?

O Englisch engel maiden !
 O schveet betaubend dofe !
O Rheinwein und cigarren !
 O luncheon, mixed mit lofe !
O Drachenfels und Nonnenwerth !
 O Liebeslust und pein !
Dus ents de second chapterlet
 Of Breitmann on der Rhine.

AM RHEIN.—NO. III.

NONNENWERIH.

(*Alt Deutsch.*)

BE shtood peside de Kloster-place,
Oopon de Rheinisch shore,
Und dere he saw a lofely face,
He'd seen in treams pefore.

“ Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me ?
Feinslieb, make no delay;
For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,
Und dings ish in de way.”

“ Und oh ! how can I go mit dir,
Or flyen out of land ?
Der bischof holts me py de law,
Der Rheingraf by der hand.

“ Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gchn,
I'd follow willingly ;
Boot we are leafs, und shdrong 's de shdein
Witch pinds oos to de dree.”

“ Der briest who helt dee py de law
 Ish now a broken man ;
 Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee
 Ish in der Kaisar’s ban.

“ Und if de Kloster-beoples here
 Vill shiop your goin to town,
 Bei Gott ! I ’ll burn von half of dem,
 De oder half I ’ll trown !

“ Denn linger not to back dy drunk,
 Boot led our lofe hafe vings ;
 Dere ’s milliners in fair Cologne,
 Vill make you avery dings.”

She toorn her eyes im mondenschein,
 She schmile so heafenly :
 “ Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot !
 I ’ll cut away mit dee.

“ Und do not kill de Kloster-volk,
 ’Tvouldt only bring tisbrace :
 Dough if I had de abbess here,
 Lort ! how I ’d slap her vace ! ”

De moonlightd blayed oopon de drees,
 It shined oopon de blain,
 Two forms rode in de mitnight woods,
 Und nefer coomed again.

M U N I C H

GAMBRINUS.

"Vot ish Art? Id ish *somedings to drink*, objectively fore-ge-brought
in de Beaudiful. Doubtest dou?—denn read, ash *I hafe read*, de Dyon-
isiacs of Nonnus, und learn dat de oop-booristin of infinite woorlds into
ederal Light und mad goldnen Lofeliness—yea of *dein own soul*—is
typide only py de CUP. Vot!—shdill skebdigal? Tell me denn,
O dou of liddle fait, vere on eart ish de kunst obtain ids highest form if
not in a BIERSTADT?* Ha! ha! I poke you *dere!*"

Caupo Recauponatus, MS by Fritz Schwackenhammer, *olim*
candidatus theologiae at Tübingen, shoost now lagerbierwirth
in St Louis. (Dec. 1869.)

Cerevisia bibunt homines
Animalia ceteræ fontes.

I.

N a field of goldnen parley
Goot King Gambrinus shlept,
Und treamin' pout de dursty volk,
Dey say he gried und vept.

* *Bierstadt*—Herr Schwackenhammer had evidently here in view, not only the American artist BIERSTADT, but also the great city of Munich, specially famous for its manufacture of beer.

“ In all mine land of Nederland,
 Dere crows no mead or wein,
 Und wasser I couldt nefer get
 Indo dis troat of mein.

“ Now hear me on, ye headen gotts !
 Und all de Christian too ;
 Der Bacchus und der Shoopider,
 Und Mårie tressed in plue !
 Und mighdy Thor, der donner gott,
 Und any else dat be !
 Der von as helps me in dis Noth,
 His serfant I will pe.”

Und ash dis sinfull headen
 All in de parley lay,
 Dere coom in tream an angel
 Who soft dese worts tid say :
 “ Stay oop, dou boor Gambrinus !
 For efen all aroundt
 Im parley vhere dou shleepest,
 Some dings goot to trink ish found.

“ Im parley vhere dou shleepest
 Dere hides a trink so clear,
 Dat men will know zukunftig—
 Ash porter—ale—or bier.”

Und denn in Nederlandisch
 He put de könig troo,
 Und gafe him—allwhile treaming---
 De recipé to prew.

Oop rose der goot Gambrinus,
 Und shook him in de sun .
 “ Go vay, ye sinfoo headen goot !
 Mit you its out und done !
 Ye 'fe left me mit mine beoples
 In error und in durst,
 Till in our treadful tryness,
 Ve dont know vitch is wurst.”

Dat vas der goot Gambrinus
 Oonto his palac 't vent,
 Und loafers ttoo de Nederland
 To all his lordts he sent.
 “ Leave Odin—or you lose your hets !”
 De order vas sefere,
 Yet tinged mit mildness, for he sent
 De recipé for bier.

O den a merry sound vas heardt
 Of bildin troo de land,
 Und de kirchen und de braweries
 “ Vent oop on efery hand ;

For de masons dey vere hart at vork,
 Und trinkin hart at dat,
 Und some hat bricks mitin de hods.
 Und some mitin deir hat.

Dey prew it in de Nederland,
 Dey prew it on de Rhine;
 Boot in de oldt Bavarian land,
 Dey make it shdrong und fein.
 Und he dat trinks in Munich,
 Ash all goot vellers know,
 Has got somedings to dink apout,
 Vherefer he may go.

II.

Hafe you heardt of König Gambrinus ?
 If you hafen't id vas queer,
 For he vas de first erfinder
 Und de holy saint of bier.
 Und his bortrait, mit a sceptre,
 Fery peaudisool to see,
 Hangs on afery lager-bier house,
 In de land of Germanie.

Efery where de whole world ofer,
 Deutschers paint him on de sign,
 As a broof dat dey are dealin
 In de Bok und Lager line.
 Crown und bier-mug, robe und ermine ;
 German signs of empire, dese,
 Mit a long white beard a fallin'
 Fery nearly to his knees.

Vonce dis bier-saint, pright und early,
 Rose from bett und vent his vay,
 To a dark mysderious gastle,
 Where his lager-donjon lay.
 While de lark's first song vas ringin',
 Und die roses shone in dew,
 Den his soul vas shoost in order
 To enshoy de early brew.

Deeply, awfooly he schwilled it,
 Till de vaults seem toornin round ;
 Und while tipsy—*over* tips he—
 In he falls—und dere is trowned.
 Yet while gootlin in de bier-fass,
 Biously he gafe his soul :
 “Gott verdammich ! Donnerwetter !
 Himmels sacrament-a-mol !”

Dere dey found der köng “ depaited,”
 Not mitout his stir-up cup :
Moosh dey woonderd dat he berishet
 Vhen he might hafe troonk it oop ;
Or dat his long peard vitch floatet
 Fool a yard on efery side,
Hadn’t buoyed him from destrugdion :—
 Dus der beer-dead monarch died.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

Sankt Martin war ein frommer Mann
Trank gerne *Cerevisiam*,
Und hatt er kein *Pecuniam*
So liess er seinen *Tunicam*

(COMMENT BY HERR SCHWACKENHAMMER)

ONCE opon a dimes in Frankfort der Herr Breitemann exsberience et an interfal pedween de periot ven he hat gespent de last remiddance he hat become from home, und de arrifal of de succeedin wechsel, or bill of exghange—und, in blain derms, was hard up. Derefore he vent to dat goot relation who may pe foundt at den or fifdeen per cent. all de worlt oser,—“mine Onkel,”— und poot his tress-goat oop de shpout for den florins. No soonei vas dis done, dan dere coomed an infitation from de English laity in whom he vas so moosh mit lofe in betaken, to geh mit her to a ball-barty. Awful bad vas he veel, und sot apout tree hours mitout sayin nodings, und denn wafin his hand, boorst out mit de vollowin version of dat peaudiful lied by Wilhelm Caspary :—

"Mein Frack ist im Pfand-haus."

Mine tress-goat is shpouted, mine tress-goat aint hier,
While you in your ball-ropes go splurgin, mein tear !
To barties mit you I 'm infitet you know,
Boot my pest coat ish shpouted—mine poots are no go.
To hell mit mine Onkel—dat rasgally knafe !
Dis pledgin und pawnin has mate me his slafe !
Ven I dink of his sign-bost, den dree dimes I bawl,
While mine plack pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Goot night to dee fine lote—so lofely und rich,
Mein tiess-goat ish shpouted—gon-fount efery stitch !
I dinks dat olt Satan troo all mine affairs,
Lose, business, und fun, has peen sewin his tares.
My tress-goat ish shpouted—mine tress-goat aint here,
While you in your glorie go shinin, mein tear,
Und de luck of der teufel ish loose ofer all,
While my black pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Dis *four-goin* song vas over-set by der Hans Breitmann
from de German of Wilhelm Caspary, whose lyric vas a
barody on a dranslation made indo Deutsch by Freiligrath
from anoder boem py Sir Waldherr Scott, vitch Sir Wald-
herr vas kit de idée of from an oldt Scottish ballad vitch
pegin mit de vorts—

" My hearts in de Hielands, mein hearts ish nae hier,
Mein hearts in de Hielands, in wilden revier ;
It hoonts for de shtag, und id hunts for de reh,
Mein hearts ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh.

Dis is de original Scotch, so goot as I can mineself rememper it. Ven I vas dell der Herr Karl Blind pout dis intercommixture of perplexified dransitions from Scotch to English, and dence into Geiman, and dereafter into a barody, vitch vas be done ofer again indo Herr Breitmann's own slanguage, he sait it vas a Rattenkönig—a phrase too familiar to mine readers to require any wider complication.*

* Rattenkönig, or Rat-king, is a term applied in Geiman to a droll mixtue of incidents or details. It is derived from an extraordnary story of twelve rats, with one (their king) in the centre, which were found in a nest with their tails grown together, firmly as the ligament which connects the Siamese Twins.

¶

THEATREUM.

BREITMANN IN ROME.

ERE 'S lighds oopon de Appian,
Dey shine de road entlang ;
Und from ein hundert tombs dere brumms
A wild Lateinisch song ;
It rings from Nero's goldnen haus ,
Evoe !—here he coom !
Fly oud, ye mœnads, from your craves !—
Hans Breitmann's got to Rome !

For while de lamp holts oud to purn,
Or von goot shpark ish dere,
Deie's hope for all of dem whose lives
Ish doun in Lemprière.
Von real, *shennine* heathen
Is coom at last to home ;
Ye shleepin gotts, lift oop your hets—
Hans Breitmann lifes in Rome !

Silanus mit der Hercules,
 Dere-to der Maia's sohn,
 Ish all unite in Breitmann
 To make a stunnin one.
 Frau Venus mit de Bacchanals
 Ist shmile to see him come ;
 De Vesta only toorn her pack
 Vhen Breitmann kit to Rome.

He vented to de Vacuum,
 Where de Bope ish keep his bulls ;
 Boot couldn't vind dem, dough he heardt
 Dat all de blace vas fools.
 Dere ish here and dere some *ochsen*,
 Right manivest I see ;
 Boot de bools all comes from Irish priests,
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Und goin' py de Vacuum,
 Und passin' troo de yard ;
 Mein Gott ! how vas he stoomple, vhen
 He see de Schweitzer guard,
 Mit efery kinds of colors tresst,
 Like shtreamers in de van.
 "Hans Wurst ist stets ein Deutscher g'west,"
 Daſ marked der Breiteman.

Und dus replied an guartsmann :—

“ I shoys to see you here .

Ich bin dem Bapst sei Laibgaertner.

Dazu a halberthier.

Dis purpur kleid of yellow-plue

Vas made, ash I hafe heard,

Py von Hans Michel Angelo,

Der tailor of our guard.

“ Ve ’re shoost von hoondert dirty strong,

Ve list for twenty year ;

De serfice ist not pad, boot dis—

Verdamm das Römisch bier !

For ven mit *birra gazzosa*

A maiden fills my glass,

She might ash vell gife gift ash say---

‘ Feinslieb, ich schenk dir dass ! ’ ”

Und dus rebly der Breitmann :—

“ Un Tedesco Italianazato,

Ein Deutscher toorned Italian, ish

Il diavolo in carnato.

Your clothes are like infernal flames,

Dey burn my fery soul ;

Boot to-night we ’ll trink togedder—nun

Lieb’ landsmann lebe wohl ! ”

At de Sherman artisds' festa,
 Vhere all vas pright und fair,
 'Tvas fairer und more prightefull
 Vhen Breitmann enter dere.
 Und der vaiters in de Greco
 (So long he trinked und sot)
 Vas called him L'Ubbriacone—
 'Tvas de name der Breitmann got.

He saw a veller in de shtreet,
 Vot sell some friction-matches ;
 De kind dey call Infallible,
 For dey *blazes* ven you *scratches*.
 Dey dragged him off to brison,
 Und tied him mit a rope ;
 For in Rome dere 's nix Infallible,
 Dey said, except de Bope.

Hans see de crate Prometheus,
 In Corsini's gallery hang ;
 He tought apout de matches,
 Und it made his heart go bang.
 It 's risk to carry light apout,
 Too cheap for efery man ;
 How de Lucifer is fallen !*

Ita dixit Breitemann.

* "Lucifers." The first name applied in America to friction matches, and one still used by many people.

He got among de Bope's Zouaves,
 Dey trinkd from morn to night ;
 Den frolicked *colle belle*
 Ontil de shky crew pright.
 It blease der Breitmann vonderfool,
 And dus he often say :
 “*Zouaviter in modo* ish
 Der real Roman way.”

Boot oh, his heart burned vild mit fire,
 His eyes gefilled mit tears,
 At de gotts in efery bilder saal,
 Mit goats' legs, tails, und ears.
 Und he sopped—“Ach liebes Deutschland,
 Bist here on every hand ?
 Was machst du Mephistophelés
 So weit im Wälschen Land ?”

Boot de wood-nymphs boorst out laughin,
 Der Garten-gott dere to,
 Und sait—“Oldt Hans ! vile you're apout
 Ve nefer can look blue.”
 Den Pan blay on his Syrinx,
 To de tune of Mary Blane,
 “Don't gry pecause ve're out of town,
 Ve're coming pack again.

“ Von day you got de yolk und vhite,
 De next day only shells ;
 Von day dey holts a council,
 Und de next day—‘ someding else ! ’
 Id ’s bopes und kings, und gotts and dings,
 Oopon dis eartly ball ;
 Boot for *me* id ’s all von frolic,
 Und a high oldt carnival !

“ Rise oop, dou Odin-trafeler,
 Und toorn dee to de Nort,
 Wherefrom, as Bible dells dee,
 Crate efil shall come fort.
 Dere is mutterins in Ravenna,
 Und ere long dere ’ll come a turn,
 A real hell-bender from de land
 Of Dieterich von Bern.

“ Und ven der Breitmann’s prototype,
 Der Fictoor Manuel,
 Cooms tromplin, tromplin troo de fern,
 To give dis coontry hell.
 Und ven in La Comarca,
 Der is shtorm in all de air,
 Dy Gotts vill gife dee vork, mein Sohn,
 Hans Breitman shall be dere ! ”

For a yar will nod be ofer
Pefore de Frántsche will run,
Und de game at last be ented,
 Und Italy pe *won*.
Und denn in roarin battle,
 For hishtory so grand,
Dy banner 'll lead de Uhlan spears,
 All in de Frankenland.

LA SCALA SANTA.

"Robusti sono i fatti."

*Discorso del Terremoto, del S. Alessandro
Sardo. Venetia, A.D. 1586.*

 N San Gianni Lateran,
Dey've cot a flight of shdairs,
More woonderful ash nefer vas,
As Latin pooks declares.

For you kits your sins forgifen,
If you glimes dem knee py knee ;
It's such a gitten up a stairs,
I nefer yet did see.

Now as Breitmann vas a vaitin
Among some demi reps,
Ascensionem expectans,
To see dem glime de steps,
Dere came a sinful scoffer,
Who his mind had firmly set
To go dem holy sdairs afoot,
Und do it on a bet !

Boot shoost as he vas startet,
To make dis sassy go,

Der Bieitmann caught him py de neck.
 Und tripped him off his toe !
 Und den dere come de skience,
A la prenez gardez vous ;
 For he bung his eye and bust his shell,
 Und shplit his noshe in dwo.

De briest vere so astonish,
 To see him lam de man,
 Dat dey shvore a holy miracle
 Vas vork by Breitemann.
 Says Breitmann, " I 'm a heretic,
 But dis you may pe bound,
 No chap shall mock relishious dings
 While I 'm a bummin round.

" Und you owes me really noding,
 For as I 'll plainly show:
 At last I 've found out someding
 Vot I alfays vant to know.
 Und now dat I have found it,
 In de newspapers I 'll brag :
Evviva! Ho trovato,
 Vot means a Scala-Wag." *

* *Scalarwag*—An American word, of very doubtful origin, signifying a sw, worthless fellow.

BREITMANN INTERVIEWS THE POPE.

"Altri beva il Falerno, altri la Tolsa.

Toscana i e, dite
Pria ch'io paili dite."

Bacco in Toscano, di Francesco Redi.

"Si regressum feci metro
Retro ante, ante retro—
Quid si graves sunt acuti?
Si accentus fiant muti?
Quid si placide, plene, plane
Fregi frontem Piscianus?—
Sat est Verbum declinavi
Titubo-titubas-titubav'i"

Barnabæ Itinerarium. London, 1716.

HON efenin ash der Breitmann vent from his weinhaus
vinkin,

So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly trinkin,
He found his hut and goat was gone,—dey'd dook em oud
for dryin,—

Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester mantel lyin.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het, and whistled,
Den rop de cloak around his form, and down de Corso
mizzled.

De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem he go
vheelin,

He look ganz *oltra tramontane*, so twisty vas his reelin.

Next tay *in Vaticano*, while he shtared at frescoes o'er him
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst vas
shoost pefore him !

Down on his knees der Breitmann vent—for so de law is
teaches ;

He proke two holes in de bavement—und likevise shblit his
preeches.

“Ego video,” says de Bope—“tu es antistes ex Almania,
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terribile,
Perche non vultis che ego—il Papa—sei infallibile.”

“Sit verbo venia,” said Hans, “permitte, Sancte Pater,
Num verum est ut noster *rum* gemixta est mit water?
In coelis wo die gotter live, non semper est sereno,
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each *spaccio di vino*.

“Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut dicisti,
Ego kickerem illos, validê, per sanguine de Christi !
In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum
Contra infallibilità non curamus rubrum centum *

* “If we can in oui monastery collect our rents, we do not care a red cent for infallibility.”

“ Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,
 In quodam capitulo, simul et dixeie ;
 Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,
 Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondeie ? ” *

Et dixit noster presul, “ Es ist mir omnis unus,
 Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejonus,
 Si Nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus—
 Diabolus curiat. Non accipio dieser onus.

“ Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rhenovini †
 Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini :
 Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm das irds’che Leben, ‡
 Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott erheben.

* This verse is parodied from the lines of a libald old Latin song,
 “Viginti Jesuти nuper convenere.”

† “If I could thow myself outside of, or around, a glass of Rhenish wine” “If I could see a glass of whisky,” said an American, “I’d thow myself outside of it mighty quick.” Since writing the above, I have seen the expression thus given in a copy of *La Belle Sauvage.—Bill of the Play, London, June 27, 1870*

“ Nay these natives—simple creatures—
 Had resolved that for the future
 Each his own canoe would paddle,
 Each his own hoe-cake would gobble,
 And get outside his own whisky ”

‡ “Deus se fecit olim homo,” &c. A very curious epigram to this effect was placed upon “Pasquin” while the winter was in Rome, during the past winter. It was as follows :—

“ Perchè Eva mangio il pomo
 Iddio per i scattai ci si fece uomo,
 Ed ora il Nono Pio
 Per mantenerci schiavi, si fa Dio.”

Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater respondit:
 Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,
 Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione :
 Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar maccheroni.

“ Tonitrus et cespes ! ” dixit Johanes Breitmann.

“ Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right man ;
 Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et *malleable*,
 Nunc est tuum tempus te facere *infallible*.

“ In nostra America quum Præses decet abire,
 Die ultimo fecit omne quod posset imaginire.
 Appointet ambasciatores et post-magistros,
 Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

“ Quum Rex Bomba ista Neapolit—anus,
 Compulsus fuit to shin it—ut dixit Africanus—
 Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.

(Inter alios McCloskey, tuus Hibernicus chamberlanus.)*

“ Et quia tu es ; ut credo ; ultimus Poporum,
 Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cockalorum—
 Sei magnissimus *toad in the puddle*, ite caput, magnamente ;
 Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente !

* M'Closky. An Irish adventurer, admirably depicted by Mr Charles Lever.

“ Unus error solus, Sancte Pater commisisti.
Quia primus *infallible* non te proclamavisti,
Nam nemo audet dicere: Papa fecit quod non est boni
Decet semper jactare super *alios* probandi onus.

“ Conceptio Immaculata, hoc modo fixisti,
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti:
Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exclare,*
Non aliis sed *tu* solus hanc debet proclamare.”

“ Figlio mio,” dixit Papa; “ Tu es homo mirabilis,
Tua verba sunt mi dulciora quam ostriche cum Chablis.
In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,
Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.

“ Vero benedetto es—eris benedictus,
Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo suni depictus.
Tu comprehendes situatio—il punto et gravamen.
Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi.—Amen!”

* Do you not see that if you are infallible, and wish to give it out

THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN.

SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT NEVER APPEARED.

“ Uns ist in alten Maeren
wunders viel geseit
Von Helden lobbaeren,
von grosser Arbeit
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,
von Weinen und Klagen,
Von kuehnern Recken Streiten,
mohlt Ihr nun Wunder hoien sagen ”

—Der Nibelungen Lied.

 O oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glory,
Of heroes bluff und bold ;
Of high oldt times a-kitin,
Of howlin und of tears,
Of kissin and of vightin,
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,
Since fifty years pegan,
An shild of decend elders,
His name Hans Breitemann.

De gross adfentures dat he had,
 If you will only look,
 Ish all bescribed so truly
 In dis fore-lyin book.

Und allaweil dese lieder
 Vere goin troo his het,
 De writer lay von Sonntay
 A-shleepin in hisbett ;
 Vhen, lo ! a yellow bigeon
 Coom to him in a dream,
 De same dat Mr Barnum
 Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shprach de bigeon :
 " If you should brint de songs
 Or oder dings of Breitmann
 Vhich to dem on-belongs,
 Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,
 Die wile es mohte leben,*
 Und be mis-geborn in nattle—
 To dis fate ish it ergeben."

Und dus rebly de dreamer :
 " If on de ice it shlip,

* During its life.

Denn led id dake ids shanses,
 Rip Sam, und let 'er rip !
 Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy :
 Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,
 Crates heroes ish de beoples
 In Uncle Samuel's land.

“Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel,*
 O golden bigeon mine,
 Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer,
 If id dakes me all dis line.
 Full liddle ish de discount,
 Oopon de Yankee peeps.”
 “Go to hell !” exclaim de bigeon ;
 Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout Carolina
 A shentleman who dinked,
 Dat te pallads of der Breitmann
 Should papered pe und inked.
 Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin
 Before de writer know :
 Dis make to many a brinter,
 Fool many a bitter woe.

* Thou art a very puppy.

All in de down of Charleston,
 A druckerei he found,
 Where dey cut de copy into *takes*
 Und sorted it around.
 Und all vas goot peginnen,
 For no man heeded mooch.
 Dat half de jours vas Mericans
 Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half
 Had vorn de Federal plue,
 While de anti-half in Davis grey
 Had peen Confeteates true.
 Great Himmel ! vot a shindy
 Vas shdarterd in de crowd,
 Vhen some von read Hans Breitmann,
 His Party all aloud !

Und von goot-nadured Yankee,
 He schwear id vos a shame,
 To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,
 Und make of dem a game.
 Boot dis make mad Fritz Luder,
 Und he schwear dis treat of Hans,
 Vos shoost so goot a barty
 Ash any oder man's

Und dat nodings vas so looscious
In all dis earthy shpeer,
Ash a quart mug fool of sauer-kraut,
Mit a plate of lager-bier.
Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself,
For he, der Fritz, hafe peen,
In many soosh a barty
Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,
Mit all his passion ripe ;
Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin-shtick,
Vheremit he vas fixin type.
It hit him on de occiput,
Und laid him on de floor ;
For many a long day afder
I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
Who vas quick to act und dink ;
He helt in hand a roller
Vheremit he vas rollin ink.
Und he dake his broof py shtrikin
Der Merican top of his het,
Und make soosh a vine impression,
Dat he left de veller for deat. *

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,
 Dere vas rows of anoder kind,
 Und drople in de wigwam
 Enough to trife dem plind.
 Und a crate six-vooted Soudern man
 Vot hafe worked on a Refiew,
 Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms
 If de Breitmann's book war'nt true.

For de Sout' vas plundered deripple,
 Und in dat darksome hour
 He hafe lossed a yellow-pine maiden,
 Of all de land de vlower.
 Bright gold doublones a hoondeder
 For her he'd gladly bay
 Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
 Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Voiker
 Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee*:
 (De only dings *he* lossed in de war
 Was a sense of property).
 Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped
 Some oder shap hafe get,
 Und de yellow pine liked him petter ash you,
 On daf it is safe to bet!"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave,
He tidd'n't so moosh as yell,
Boot he drop right on to de Yorker,
Und mit von lick bust his shell.
Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker,
Und mit looks of drementous gloom,
Rooshed vildly in de pattle
Dat vas ragin round de 100m.

Boot *in angulo*, in de corner—
Anoder quarrel vas grow
'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner;
Und de row ish gekommen so:
De Yankee say dat de H-u-mor
Of soosh writin vas less dan small,
Dough it maket de beoples laughen,
Boot dat vas only all.

Denn a Deutscher say, by Donner!
Dat soosh a baradox
Vould leafe no hope for writers
In all Pandora's bænder box.
'Twas like de sayin dat Heine
Hafe no witz in him goot or bad,
Boot he only *kept sayin* witty dings
To make beoples pelieve he had.

Denn de oder veller be-headed
 Dat dere vas not a shbark of foon
 In de pad spelt lieds when you lead dem
 Into Englisch correctly done :—
 Den a Proof Sheet veller 1espondered,
 For he dink de dings vas hard,
 “Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
 Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward.

“ Und say it vas shames de beoples
 Vas laugh demselfs most tead
 At de boor young veller lecturin,
 Vhen he tidn’t know vot he said.”
 Hereauf de Yankee answered,
 “ Gaul dern it :—Shtop your fuss ! ”
 And all de crowd togeder
 Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
 Soosh an awfool smock on de face,
 Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
 Mit a sense of his tisgrace ;
 Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
 On dop of de oder’s hair :
 It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn—
 Mine, Gotts ! —Vot a sighdt vas dere

Denn ofer all de shapel
Vierge war vas ragic loose ;
Fool many a vighten brinter
Got well ge-gooked his goose.
Fool many a nose mit fisten,
I ween was padly scrouged ;
Fool many an eye pight gleamin
Vas ploody out-gegouged.

*Dô wart üfgehauwen,**
Dere vas hewin off of pones ;
*Dô hörte man darinne**
Man heardt soosh treadful croans.
*Jach waren dû die Geste,**
De row vas rough and tough,
*Genuoge sluogen wunden—**
Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters
From Himmel look down oopon,
Und allowed dat in a *chapel*
Dere was nefer soosh carryins on.
Dere was Lorenz Coster mit Gutemberg,
Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,
Oopen dis teufel's dust.

* Lines from Gudrun, each of which is freely translated by the line following it.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
 Who lay upon the vloor,
 Dere vas Soudern rebs destracted,
 Who vouldt nefer Jeff no more
 Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
 Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,
 Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick
 Ash he histed dem ofer de walls

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads
 Foorst vere crooshed in ploot and shdorm,
 Fool many a day moost bass afay
 Pefore dey dook dis form.
 De copy flootered o'er de preasts
 Of heroes lyin todt,
 Dis vas de dire peginnin—
 Das war des Breitmann's Noth.

Dis song in Philadelphia
 Long dimes ago pegun,
 In Paris vas gondinued, und
 In Dresden ist full-done
 If any toubt apout de *facts*,
 In nople minds ish grew,
 Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed,
He knows id all ish drue.

Und now, dese Breitmann shdories
Is gebrindt in many a lant,
Sogar in far Australia
Dey 're gestohlen und bekannt :—
“Geh hin mein Puch in alle VVelt
Sieh auss was dir kompt zu !
Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich
*Nur dass man mir nichts thu !” **

* Go forth my book through all the world,
Bear what thy fate may be !
They may bite thee, they may tear thee,
So they do no harm to me !

G L O S S A R Y.

- Abenddämmerung*, (Ger.)—Evening dim light ; twilight.
Abendgold, (Ger.)—Evening gold.
Abendroth, (Ger.)—Evening red.
Abendsonnenschein, (Ger.)—Evening sunshine.
Abbordez-moi votre mère, (German-French)—Bring me your mayor.
Ach weh, (Ger.)—Oh, woe.
Allatag, (Ger, dial.)—Every day.
Alla weil—All the while ; always.
Allegader—All together.
Alles wird ewig zu eins, (Ger.)—And all for ever becomes one.
Alter Schwed', (old Swede)—A familiar phrase like “ old fellow.”
Anamile, (Amer.)—Animal.
Annerthalb Yar, Anderthalb Jahr, (Ger.)—Year and a half.
Anti Word: Antwort—Answer.
Antworded, (Ger.)—Answered.
Apple todts, (Amer.)—Apple toddies.
Arbeiterhalle—Working-man’s hall.
Arminius, (Herman.)—The Duke of the Cheruskans, and destroyer of the Roman legions under Varus, in the Teutoburg Forest.
Armlos—Unarmed.
Aroom, Herum—Around.
Arrrière pensée, (Fr.)—A reserved thought or intention.
Aufgespannt, (Ger.)—Stretched, bent.
Augen, (Ger.)—Eyes.
Augenblick, (Ger.)—Twinkling of an eye.
Aus, (Ger.)—Out.
Bach, (Ger.)—Brook.
Baender-box—Band-box.
Baldface corn, (Amer.)—Plain maize whisky.
Barell-hell bars—Parallel bars ; a part of the gymnastic apparatus.
Barrick, (Pennsylvania Ger. for Berg)—Mountain.
Bauern, (Ger.)—Peasants.
Be-ghostet, (Ger. *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
Begifted,—Beschenkt—Gifted.
Begreifen, (Ger.)—Understand.
Beheaded, Behauptet, (Ger.)—Asserted.

- Bei Leib und Leben*, (Ger.)—By my body and soul.
Bekannt, Beknown—Known
Bellen, (Ger. *Bellen*)—To bark
Bemerket, (Ger.-Eng.)—Remarked.
Be-mark, (Ger. *Bemerken*)—Observe
Bemarks, (Ger. *Bemerkungen*)—Remarks.
Bemerkbar, (Ger.)—Observable Should be noticed.
Bemoost, (Ger.)—Mossgrown, in student's language, *ein bemoostes Haupt*, an old student
Bender, (Amer.)—A spree, a frolic To "go on a *bender*"—to go on a spree
Be-raised—Raised, with the augment, literal for Ger. *erhoben*
Berauscht, (Ger.)—Intoxicated
Besoffen, (Ger.)—Drunk
Bestimmung des Menschen—Vocation of Man, title of one of Fichte's works
Betaubend, (Ger.)—Enchanting.
Beweises, (Ger. *Beweist*, from *Beweisen*)—Proves.
Bibliothek—Library
Bienenkorb, (Ger.)—Beehive
Birra gassosa, (Italian)—Ærated, gaseous beer.
Bischof, (Ger.)—Bishop
Bix, Buchse, (box)—Rifle. Bess in Brown Bess is the equivalent of the German
Buchse, (Brown being merely an alliterative epithet,) French, *buse tube*;
 Flemish, *buss* (Still found in blunderbuss, arquebuss) See Blackley's "Word Gossip"
Blätter, (Ger.)—Leaves.
Blei—Lead.
Blitz, (Ger.)—Lightning
Blitzen, (Ger.)—Lightning
Blokes, (English)—Men
Bock—A strong kind of German beer.
Bohemisch—Bohemian
Boerenvolk, (Flem.)—Peasants
Bole Jack road—Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
Bool—Bull
Bornurtheit—Limitedness of capacity
Boulevard—Boulevard
Bountyee, (Amer.)—Bounty-money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium and then run away.
 "This is the song of Billy Jones,
 Who jumped the boun-ti-ee"
 —*American Ballad of 1846*
Bowery—A street at New York, inhabited principally by Germans
Brannwein, (Ger.)—Spirits
Brandy smash, (Amer.)—A plain half-glass mint julep of only sugar, ice, spirits, and mint. A regular julep is larger, and contains more ingredients
Brav, (Ger.)—Good.
Breit, (Ger.)—Broad.
Bring it down to dots.—Reduce it to figures.
Brisner—Prisoner.

- 'roosh-pinder—Brushbinder, (Ger. *Buerstenbinder*)—Brushmaker. The brush makers are supposed, probably on account of their throat-parching business to be always thirsty.
- 'rummed—growled—(Ger. *Brummen*)
- 'rucke, (Ger.)—Bridge
- 'ugs—In America all insects, especially Coleoptera.
- 'unner, (Amer.)—A fellow haunting low taverns; applied during the late civil war in the United States to hangers-on of the army. Probably a corruption of the German *bummler* (loafer).
- 'unning—From Bummer
- 'ushwhackers—Guerillas
- 'ust his shell—Broke his head
- 'utterbrod, (Ger.)—Buttered Bread.
- 'y—nearly. *Bernahē*—Almost, nearly.
- 'ame—Game
- 'amine—Chimney-piece
- 'anyon, (Span. *Canon*)—A narrow passage between high and precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, New Mexico, and California
- 'arnagnole—A wild street dance
- 'armosine, (Ger.)—Crimson. French, *cramois*.
- 'arnadine—Incarnadine
- Change their lodge*—Shift from one "society" to another.
- 'hroc, *Chrocus*, *Crocus*—An Alemannic leader, who overran Gaul, according to Gregory of Tours.
- 'hunk—A short thick piece of wood, or of anything else; a chump. The word is provincial in England, and colloquial in the United States
- 'inder—Suende; sin.
- 'lam—The popular name of a bivalvular shell-fish, the *Venus*.
- 'lavier, (Ger.)—Piano.
- 'olle belle, (Ital.)—With the beauties
- 'omedy—Committee
- 'onradin—The last of the imperial house of the Hohenstaufen—beheaded at Naples in 1268.
- 'oot—(To cut) a dash, (to come out a "swell,") to dress extravagantly.
- 'orned, (Amer.)—Made drunk.
- 'oster—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch
- 'rate—Great
- 'recian pend—When Breitmann says "Dat pend of the bow ish the Crecian pend," it is a rather equivocal compliment. "Grecian bend" has lately become a common newspaper expression. Smuggling done by women is called a "Case of Grecian bend." The present style of skirt, full at the back, is favourable to it.
- 'rislies—Grizzly, (bear)
- Da ist er! Schau!*—There he is! look!
- 'amit, (Ger.)—Therewith.
- 'ampfschiff—Steamboat
- 'eck—A pack of cards, piled one upon another
- 'emperanueler, *Temperenzler*—Temperance man.
- 'essauerinn—A woman from Dessau

Deutschland—Germany.

Die wile es möhte leben—During all its life

Daz wolde er immer dienen
Die wile es möhte leben.

Kutrun. XV. Aventure, 756th verse.

Dink—he, they think, *my dinks*—my thoughts.

Dinked—he, they thought.

Dishtriputet—Instead of *attributed*.

Disembulatin'—Dissembling.

Dissolfed—Instead of *esolved*.

D'lusion—Instead of *allusion*

Donnered, (Ger.)—Thundered

Donnerrwetter, (Ger.)—Thunder and lightning

Dools—Ducks

Doon—Tune

Doonderblix—Thunder and lightning

Drawed he in—(literal rendering of the German, *Zog er ein*,) *Einziehen*, to take up one's abode with

Dreimal, (Ger.)—Three times

Drocks—Drakes, dragons, (Ger. Drachen.)

Druckerei—Printing-office

Dummehrlichkeit, (Ger.)—Honest simplicity.

Dunkelheit—Darkness.

Dursty, (Ger *Durstig*)—Thirsty.

Earnshaft, ernshaft—Serious.

Eber, (Ger.)—Wild boar

Eberschwein, (Ger.)—Wild boar

Eckhartshausen—A German supernaturalist

Eher, (Ger.)—Sooner. In the dialect it has the meaning of “before.”

Finander to sprechen mit, (Ger.)—To speak together.

Eldern, (Ger *Eltern*)—Parents

Efzenbein, (Ger.)—Ivory

Emerich—King Emerich, hero of a German legend.

Emsig Gruebler, (Ger.)—Assiduous inquirer

Engel, (Ger.)—Angel

Englandrin, (Ger.)—English woman

Entlang, (Ger.)—Along

Erfinder, (Ger.)—Inventor

Erfounden, (Ger *Erfunden*)—Invented.

Ergeben, (Ger.)—Resigned

Error-dom, Irrthum—Error

Erstarrt, (Ger.)—Aghast

Erstaunshed, erstaunt—Astonished!

Erwartin', (Ger *Erwartend*)—Awaiting, expecting.

Euchre, Eucrē—Sort of game played with cards, very much in vogue in the West.

Euchred—From *Euchre*, the game of cards.

Facheltantz, (Ger.)—Torch dance

Fancy craps or crabs—Fast horses

Fanes, Wetterfahnen—Weathercocks.

Fass, (Ger.)—Barrel.

Fat—Printer's term.

Feldwebel, (Ger.)—A sergeant.

Fernschein, (Ger.)—Fair or fine love.

Fichte—A German philosopher.

Finster, (Ger.)—Dark, dismal.

Foal—Full.

Foll—To fall.

Foon—Fun.

Foors—First.

Fore-by—Literal translation of the German *Vorbez*.

Fore-lying—Literal translation of *Vorliegend*.

Foreschlag, (Ger. *Vorschlag*)—Proposal.

Foresetzen—To set, put (lay) before an audience.

Foxen, (Ger. *Fuchsen*)—Foxes.

Frank-tiroir—Franc-tireur.

Frangois Villon—An old French humorous poet, whom Boileau speaks of as the first who began to write truly modern French.

Frau, (Ger.)—Woman.

Frie, (Ger.)—Free.

Freischarlinger, (Ger. *Freischaerler*)—A member of a Free Corps; especially applied to those who belonged to the Free Corps formed in Southern Germany during the revolution in 1848.

Freischuetz, (Ger.)—Free shot, one who shoots with charmed bullets, the name of Karl Maria Von Weber's celebrated opera.

Friederich Rothbart—Frederic Barbarossa, the great Emperor of Germany, and one of the German Legendary heroes. He is supposed to sleep in the Kyffhauser in Thuringia, and to awaken one day, when he will bring great glory over Germany.

Frolic—Frohlich, merry.

Froze to de ready—Held fast to the money.

Fullenden—Vollenden—To complete, perfect.

Fuss, (Ger.)—Foot.

Fust or *Faust*—The partner of Gutemberg, the inventor of the art of printing.

Gambrinus—A mythical King of Brabant, supposed to have been the inventor of beer.

Gandertate—Candidate.

Ganz, (Ger.)—Ganz.

Ganz und gar, (Ger.)—Altogether, all over.

Garce, (French)—Wench.

Gass und Strass, (Ger.)—Lane and street.

Gast, (Ger.)—Guest.

Gasbalgs—Bladder of gas.

Gauer—Vallies.

Gaul darn—G——n.

Gaul dern—A Yankee oath.

Gauvers-sprache, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.

Ge-bildet—Built, with the German augment.

- Gebirg*, (Ger. *Geburt*)—Birth.
Geborn—Born, with the augment.
Ge-brudert, (formed like *ge-schwister*,)—Brothers
Geh hin mein Puck, (German of 16th century)
Gehst nur mit rechten Dingen zu—Dost not do it by any natural means. there is
 witchcraft in it.
Gekommene—Arrived (newly arrived)
Gekommen so, (Ger)—Come thus
Ge-koste—Cost, with the German augment.
Gelt, (Ger. *Geld*)—Money
Gemüthlichkeit, (Ger)—Kindly disposition, good nature
Geny broost, (Ger. *Ganzebrust*)—Goose-breast.
Ge-roasted—Roasted, (with German augment).
Gesangverzin (Ger)—Singing-society
Ge-screech, Geschree—Bawling, clamour
Gesemblid—Assembled, with the augment of the German preterite.
Geschmashit—Smashed, with German augment
Gespickt, (Ger.)—Laided.
Gestohlen—Stolen
Gestohlen und bekannt, (Ger)—Stolen, and known
Gesundheit, (Ger)—Health.
Gewehr, (Ger)—Musket.
Gift, (Ger)—Poison
Gilt—In the ordinary sense, and also in the same verse, “*gilt*,” implying the meaning of the German verb “*gelten*,” to be worth something, and also *guilt*.
Glamour—Ocular deception by magic
Glee-wine, Glueh-wein—Hot-spiced wine
Glucky (Ger. *Gluecklich*)—Lucky
Glueck, (Ger.)—Luck.
Goblum—For goblin.
Gool—Cool
Gottallmoechty, (Ger. *Gottallmächtig*)—God Almighty.
Gottasche—Cottage.
Gotteshaus, (Ger)—House of God.
Gottfull, Gottvoll—Glorious, divine
Gottsdonnerkreuzschickschwerenoth, (Ger.)—Another variety of big swearing.
Gott's-doonder, (Ger. *Gott's Donner*)—God's thunder. See also *Gott's tauseud*, a
 thundering sort of oath, but never preceded by lightning, for it is only used as a kind of expletive to express great surprise, or to give great emphasis to words which, without it, would seem to be capable of none
Gottstauseud, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Gott's tauseud Donnerwetter* (God's thousand thunders), and therefore the comparative of *Gott's doonder*: with most of those who use it a meaningless phrase.
Gott weiss, (Ger.)—God knows!
Go von—Go one, bet on him.
Grillers—Guerillas.
Grod, gerad—Straight.
Gres, (Ger)—Great.
Guestfreindlich, gastfreundlich—Hospitable.

Gummi elasticum—Indiarubber.

Gutenberg—The inventor of the art of printing.

Guvv—Southern slang for give. *Guvv*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.

Gyrotwistive—Snaky.

Hab' und Guter, (Ger.)—Property

Hagell! Blitz! Kreuz Sakrament! (Ger.)—Another variety of swearing

Halberthier, for *Halberdier*—Halberthier means half an animal.

Hand-shoe, (Ger. *Handschuh*)—Glove

Hans Michel—A popular but not complimentary name for Germany

Hans Wurst—Merry Andrew, Zani, Jack Pudding—the latter word being a literal translation of the German *Hans Wurst*, the pudding in either case referring to the sausages, or the pretended sausages, which the Merry Andrew always appeared to be swallowing by the yard or fathom See Blackley's "Word Gossip"

Harmlos, (Ger.)—Harmless

Haul de pot—Take the stakes

Hause—House

Hegel—Name of the German philosopher.

Heine, Heinrich—German poet

Heini von Steier—Heinrich von Ofterdingen

Heldenbuch—Is the title of a collection of epic poems, belonging to the cycle of the German Saga

Heller Glorie schein—Bright gloriolé.

Hereauf, herauf—Thereupon.

Herout, (Ger. Heraus)—Out.

Herr Je, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Herr Jesus* (O Lord!), generally only used by those who are fond of meaningless exclamations.

Her-re-liche, herrliche—Superb, grand, noble.

Hertsen—Herzen; hearts.

Hertzog, Herzog, (Ger.)—Duke

Herzlich, (Ger.)—Hearty

Herzbruder, (Ger.)—Heart's brother.

Hexerei—Witchery, sorcery.

Himmel, (Ger.)—Heaven

Himmels-Potz-Pumpen-Herrgott—A mild sort of a German imprecation, untranslatable.

Hummelsch' hoellisch' qual, (Ger.)—Heavenly-hellish pain.

Hobbiness—Happiness.

Hoellisch, (Ger.)—Hellish.

Honey fooglin', Honeyfuddle—Is believed to be English slang In America it means blarneying, deceiving

Hoochle perry, persimmoned—“A huckle-berry over my persimmon” Surpassed, out-done

Hoof-irons, (Hufeisen in Ger.)—Horse-shoe.

Hoofstad (Flem.)—Capital.

Hop-sosa, (Ger.) int—Hop; heyday!

Hundsjott, (Ger. *Vulg*)—Mean scoundrel, hound.

Hunk, (Amer.)—Stout, solid, profitable. “To be all hunk” means to come out of a speculation with advantage. To be well off.

Hut, (Ger.)—Hat

I Gili romaneskro—This song is written in the German gipsy dialect. *Eh!* in third line of second verse, is the German word *ehe*, “ere,” or before. *Kuribente* (“in war,”) is in the Slavonic and gipsy *local case*, or as Pott calls it (*Das Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*) the Second Dative

Ik leven, (Flem.)—I live

Il dravolo in carnato, (Ital.)—The devil incarnate, or in carnation.

In geburst—Burst

In Sang und Klang dein Leben lang, (Ger.)—In music and song all thy life long.

Ita dixit, (Latin)—So said

Jaff—A game played by throwing up types, generally for “refreshments.”

Foss-stick. A name given to small reeds, covered with the dust of odoriferous woods, which the Chinese burn before their idols.

Jungfernkranz, (Ger.)—Bridal garland.

Kaiser Karl—Charlemagne.

Kalt, (Ger.)—Cold

Kanaster, (Ger.)—Canaster tobacco.

Kan ik. *Ik kan*, (Flem.)—I can

Karsfunkelstein, (Ger.)—Carbuncle.

Kartoffel, (Ger.)—Potato.

Kauder-Waelsch, (Ger.)—Gibberish.

Kellner, (Ger.)—Waiter

Kermes—Annual Fair.

Kinder, (Ger.)—Children

Kitin, a kitin—Flying or running rapidly.

Kloster, (Ger.)—Cloister

Knasterbart, (Ger.)—Literally, tobacco-beard; perhaps denoting a good old fellow, fond of his pipe

Kneiperei, (Ger.)—Revel.

Knock dem out de shpots—Knock the spots out of them; astonish them

König Etsel—King Attila

Kommardelein! Rothe waengelein, (Ger.)—Comemaiden, red cheeks.

Kong (Ger. *Konig*)—Old Norse for King

Kooken—Cake

Kop, (Ger. *Kopf*)—Head

Kopf, (Ger.)—Head.

Kreutzer—Frederick Creutzer, distinguished professor in the University of Heidelberg, author of a great work on “Symbolik.”

Krumm, (Ger.)—Crooked

Kummel, (Ger.)—Cumin brandy.

Kummel, himmel, (Ger.)—Schnapps, dram. Hans, in his tipsy enthusiasm, ejaculates, “Oh, mein Gott in *Kimmel!*” instead of “im Himmel” (heaven), becoming guilty of an unconscious alliteration, and confessing, according to the proverb *in vino veritas*, where his God really abides; “whose God is their belly”

Kuster, (Ger.)—Sacustan.

- Lanze*, (Ger.)—Lance
- Lager, Lagerbeer*, (Ger. *Lagerbier*, i.e., *Stockbeer*)—Sometimes in these poems abbreviated into *Lager*. A kind of beer introduced into the American cities by the Germans, and now much in vogue among all classes
- Lager Wirthschaft*, (Ger.)—Beerhouse
- Leibgartner*, (Ger.)—Leibgard, bodyguard. The Swiss in blundering makes it “body gardener.”
- Lam*—To drub, beat soundly
- Larinen*—The French word *larmes*, tears, made into a German verb
- Lateinisch*—Latin
- Laughen, lachen*—Laughing
- Lavergne*—A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the state of Tennessee.
- Leben*—Life; living.
- Lebendig*, (Ger.)—Living
- Lebenlang*, (Ger.)—Life-long
- Lev'st du noch?*—Liv'st thou yet?
- Libby*—The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.
- Liddle Bills*—Little bills, Legislative enactments
- Lieblich*, (Ger.)—Charming.
- Liedeken*, (Flem.)—Song.
- Lieder, Lieds*, (Ger.)—Songs
- Liederkranz*, (Ger.)—Glee-union
- Liederlich*, (Ger.)—Loose, reckless, dissolute
- Lighthood*, (Ger. *Lichtheit*)—Light
- Like spiders down their webs*—Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.
- Loafer*, (Amer.)—A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover* is a close translation of *rom*, since this latter means both a gipsy and a husband.
- Los, los gehen*, (Ger.)—To go at a thing, at somebody.
- Loosty*, (Ger. *Lustig*)—Jolly, merry.
- Loudet*, (Lauten in Ger.)—To make sound
- L'Ubbriacone*, (Ital.)—Drunkard.
- Luftballon*, (Ger.)—Air-balloon
- Lump*, (Ger.)—Ragamuffin
- Lumpenglocke*—An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which are rung to give notice that the beer-houses must close
- Madel*, (Ger.)—Girl
- Maedchen*, (Ger.)—Girl, maiden
- Markgraefer*—A pleasant light wine grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.
- Marmorbild*—Marble statue
- Maskenzug*, (Ger.)—Procession of masked persons.
- Massenversammlung*, (Ger.)—Mass meeting
- Mein Freund*—My friend
- Meine Seel*, (Ger.)—By my soul
- Meisjes*, (Flem.)—Girls
- Myjn lief gesellen*, (Flem.)—My dear comrades
- Mineted*—Minded.
- Minnesinger*—Poet of love. A name given to German lyric poets, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries

Mist-haufen, (Ger.)—Dung-hill

Mit hoochten knüfe, &c.—

“With her white hands so lovely,
She dug the Count his grave
From her dark eyes sad weeping,
The holy water she gave”

—Old German Ballad

Mizout—Without.

Mitternacht, Mitternacht—Midnight

Mitternocht, Mitternacht—Midnight

Mohr, ein schwarzer, (Ger.)—A blackamoor.

Moleschott—Author of celebrated work on physiology

Mondenlight—Moonlight.

Mondenschein, (Ger.)—Moonlight

Morgan—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America

Morgen-ket-ache—Morning headache

Moakopolite, (Amer.)—Cosmopolite Mossyhead is the German student phrase for an old student.

Mud-sill—The longitudinal timber laid upon the ground to form the foundation for a railway. Hence figuratively applied by the labour-despising Southern gentry to the labouring classes as the substratum of society

Murmuite—Murmured.

Mutter, (Ger.)—Mother.

Naturalisationsds—The officers, &c., who give the rights of native citizens to foreigners

Nibelungen Lied—The lay of the Nibelungen, the great German national epos

Nieuw Jarsie—New Jersey, in America, famous *inter alia* for its sandy beaches and high surf

Nig—Nigger.

Nirvana—The Brahminical absorption into God

Vix, (Ger. Nichts)—Nothing

Vix cum raus—That I had not come out

Io sardine—Not a narrow-minded, small-hearted fellow

Iorate—To speak in an oration.

Noth, (Ger.)—Need, dire extremity Das war des Breitmann's Noth,—That was Breitmann's sore trial Imitated from the last line of *The Nibelungen Lied*

'un—Now.

un endlich, (Ger.)—Now at last.

Brady—An Irish giant

hsen, (Ger.)—Oxen, stupid fellows As a verb it also is used familiarly to mean hard study

enwald—A thickly-wooded district in South Germany

en—Other. See Preface

ra tramontane, ultra tramontane—Applied to the non-Italian Catholic party.

belongs—Literal translation of *Zugehort*

de snap—All at once

did to on-do—Literal translation of the German anthun, *to down*, to put on

rug, (Ger. *Anfang*)—Beginning

- Ionendly*—Unendlich
Ionshpeakbarly, (Ger *unaussprechbarlich*)—Inexpressibly.
Top-gleared, (Ger. *Aufgeklaert*)—Enlightened
Uprightly, (Ger *Aufrichtig*)—Upright
Upright-hood, (Ger *Aufrichtigkeit*)—Uprightness.
Top-sproong—For *aussprung*
Orgel-ton, (Ger.)—Organ sound.
Orkester—Orchestra
Out-ge-poke-te—Out-poked
Out-signed, (Ger *ausgezeichnete*)—Distinguished, signal.
Out-sprach—Outspoke
Over again—Uebrigen.
Paardeken, (Flemish)—Palfrey
Pabst, Der Pabst lebt, &c —“The Pope he leads a happy life,” &c, beginning of a popular German song
Palact, (Ger *Pallast*)—Palace.
Piké—Belgian rye whisky
Peeps—People “Hard on the American peeps”—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing
Pelznickel, Nick, Nickel—St Nicolas, muffled in fur, is one of the few riders in the army of the saints, but, unlike St George and St Martin, he oftener rides a donkey than a horse, more especially in that part of the German land which can boast of having given birth to the illustrious Hans. St Nicolas is supposed, on the night preceding his name-day, the sixth of December, to pass over the house-tops on his long-eared steed, and having baskets suspended on either side filled with sweets and playthings, and to drop down through the chimneys presents for those children who have been good during the year, but birch-rods for those who have been naughty, would not go to bed early, or objected to being washed, &c In the expectation of his coming, the children put, on the eve of St Nicolas day, either a shoe, or a stocking, or a little basket, into the chimney-piece of their parents’ bedroom We may remark, by the way, that St Nicolas is the Christian successor of the heathen Nikudr, of ancient German mythology
Pesser, besser (Ger)—Better
Pestain—Stain, with the augment.
Pfaelzer—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.
Pfeil, (Ger)—Arrow
Philosopede—Velocipede
Pickel-haube, (Ger)—The spiked helmet worn by Prussian soldiers
Pie the forms—Break and scatter the foims of types—the greatest disaster conceivable to a true typo
Pig-sticker—Bowie-knife.
Pile out, (Amer)—Hurry out
Pinbury—By and by
“*Plain*”—Water plain, *i.e.*, unmixed
Plue goats—Blue coats, soldiers
Plug-muss—Fight for a fire-plug American fireman’s language.
Pokal, (Poculum)—Goblet
Poker—A favourite game of cards among Western gamblers.

- Poonkin*—Pumpkin.
Potsblitz, (Ger.)—int., The deuce.
Poistausend! Was ist das!—Zounds! What is that?
Poulderie—Poultry.
Poussieren—To court
Pretzel, (Ger.)—A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.
Presackly—Pre (cusey), exactly.
Protocollirt, protocolliren—To register, record.
Pully, i.e., *Bully*—An Americanism, adjective Fine, capital. A slang word, used in the same manner as the English used the word *crack*. as, “a *bully* horse,” “a *bully* picture”
Pumpernickel—A heavy, hard sort of rye-bread, made in Westphalia.
Put der Konig troo—To put through, (Amer.), to qualify, to imitate.
Pye—To buy.
Rauschlin', rauschend—Rustling.
Reb—An abbreviation of rebel
Redakteur—Editor.
Red cock—Or make de red cock crow Einem den rothen Hahn auf's Dach setzen.
 A German proverb signifying to set fire to a house.
Rede, (Ger.)—Speech.
Red-Waelsch, Roth-Waelsch, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.
Reiten gaen, (Flemish)—Go riding.
Rexter, (Ger.)—Rider.
Rezver—Robber
Reue, (Ger.)—Repentance.
Rheingraf, (Ger.)—Count of the Rhine districts.
Rheinweinbechers Klang—The Rhine wine goblet's sound.
Richter, (Jean Paul Fr.)—A distinguished German author.
Ridersmann, (Reitersmann in Ger.)—Rider.
Ring—A political clique or cabal
Ringe, (Ger.)—Rings
Ritter, (Ger.)—Knight.
Roland—One of the paladins of Charlemagne.
Rolette—Roulette.
Rollin' locks—Rolling logs, mutually aiding, (used only in politics).
Rosen, (Ger.)—Roses
Rouse, (Ger. Heraus)—Out; come out
Sachsen—Saxonia, Saxony.
Sacrin—Consecrating.
Sagen Cyclus—Cycle of legends
Sass, Sassy, Sassin'—Sauce, saucy, &c.
Sauerkraut, (Ger.)—Pickled cabbage.
Saw it—Understood it
Scatterin, Scotterin—Scattering.
Schatz—Sweetheart
Schauer, (Ger.)—Awe.
Schenk aus, (Ger.)—Pour out.
Schenket ein, (Ger.)—Pour in, (fill the glasses).
Schimmel, (Ger.)—Grey horse.

- chimpt und flucht gar laesterlich*, (Ger.)—Swears and blasphemous abominably.
chunken, (Ger.)—Ham.
chläger, (Ger.)—A kind of sword or broadsword; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.
chlesierwein, (Ger.)—Wine grown in Silesia, proverbially sour.
schammer, (Ger.)—Worse.
Schlog ihm über de kop—Knocked him on the head.
Schloss, (Ger.)—Castle.
Schmutz, (Ger.)—Dirt.
Schnapps, (Ger.)—Dram.
Schnitz—Pennsylvania German word for cut and dried fruit.
Schnitz, schnitzen, (Ger.)—To chop, chip, snip.
Schönheitsideal, (Ger.)—The ideal of beauty.
Schopenhauer—A celebrated German “philosophical physiologist.”
Schoppen, (Ger.)—A liquid measure, choppin, pint.
Schwaben—Suabia.
Schwan, (Ger.)—Swan.
Schweinblatt—(Swine) Dirty paper.
Schweizer Kase, (Ger.)—Swiss cheese.
Schwer, (Ger.)—Heavy.
Schwig, Swig, verb —To drink by large draughts.
Schwigs, Swig, n —A large draught.
Schweinpig (Ger.)—Swinepig.
Scoop—Take in, get.
Scorched—Escorted. A negro malapropism.
Scrouged, (Amer.)—Pressed, jammed.
Seelen-Ideal.—Soul’s ideal.
Sefen-leßen—Seven or eleven (minutes).
Seins, (Ger.)—The Being.
Selbstanschauungsvermögen, (Ger.)—Capacity for self-inspection.
Selfe, (Ger. *Selbe*)—Same.
Serenity—A transparency.
Shanty—A board cabin. Slang, for house.
Shapel—Chapel is an old word for a printing-office.
Sharman, Sherman—German.
Shings—Jingo; by jingo.
Shipcket—Spigot, a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.
Shippsy—Gipsy.
Shlide—Slide. “Let it slide,” vulgar for “let it go.”
Shlide, (Amer.)—Depart.
Shlished, geschlitzt—Slit.
Sklop over—Go too far and upset or spill. Applied to men who venture too far in a success.
Sklopped—Slopped.
ShmySED, (Ger. Schmissen, from Schmeissen)—Threw him out of doors.
Shnow-wice, (Ger. *Schnee-weis*)—Snow-white.
Shoopider—Jupiter.
Shooting-stick—A shooting-stick is used for closing up the form of types.
Show-spiel, Schauspiel—Play, piece.

- Skpoons*—Spoons, Plunder
Shtuhl, (Ger. *Stuhl*)—Stool, chair.
Silbern, (Ger.)—Silver.
Sinn, (Ger.)—Meaning.
Six mals—Six times
Skeeted—Went fast, skated (?)
Skoold—Skull.
Skyugle, (Amer.)—“Skyugle” is a word which had a short run during 1864. It meant many things, but chiefly to disappear or to make disappear. Thus, a deserter “skyugled,” and sometimes he “skyugled” a coat or watch.
Slanganderin’—Foolishly slandering
Slasher gaffs—Spurs for cocks, with cutting edges.
Slibowitz—A Bohemian Schnapps
Slumgooslin’—Slum or sham guzzling, humbug.
Slumgullion—A Mississippi term for a legislator.
So mit, (Ger.)—Thus with
Solidaten, (Ger. *Soldaten*)—Soldiers
Sonntag, (Ger.)—Sunday
Sottelet, (Ger. *Gesattelt*)—Saddled
Sound upon the goose—Bartlett in his Dictionary of Americanisms states that this phrase originated in the Kansas troubles, and signified true to the cause of slavery. But this is erroneous, as the phrase was common during the native American campaign, and originated at Harrisburg, as described by Mr Leland.
Souse und Brouse, (Ger. *Saus und Bräus*)—Revelry and rioting.
Speck, (Ger.)—Bacon
Spiel, (Ger.)—Play
Spielman, (Ger.)—Musician.
Splodderin’—Splattering
Spook, (Ger. *Spuk*)—A Ghost
Sporn, (Ger.)—Spur.
Sports—Sporting men
Squander, (Amer.)—Wander Used in this sense in “The Big Bear of Arkansas.”
Staub, (Ger.)—Dust.
Stein, (Ger.)—Stone
Stille, (Ger.)—Stillness
Stim, (Ger. *Stimme*)—Voice.
Stohr—Store
Stone fence, (Amer.)—Rye whisky.
- “I went in and got a horn
 Of old stone fence ”
- Tim Crow, 1832.*
- Straaten*, (Flem.)—Streets
Straight flush—In poker, all the cards of one suit
Strassen, (Ger.)—Streets.
Strauss—Name of the celebrated Viennese valve player and composer.
Strumpf, (Ger.)—Stocking
Stunden, (Ger.)—League*. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles

- urm und Drang*, (Ger.)—Literally Storm and violence. *Sturm und Drang* *periode*, signifying a particular period of German literature.
- reynheim and Pannarts*—The first printers at Rome.
- kes*—Allotments of copy to each printer.
- ntz*, (Ger.)—Dance.
- ntzen*, (Ger.)—To dance.
- rnal*—Eternal.
- ub, Taube*, (Ger.)—Dove.
- ugentz, Taugenichts*—Good-for-nothing fellow.
- ufelsjagersmann*—Devil's huntsman.
- zel*, (Ger.)—Part.
- hoom*—Thumb
- hrif*, (Southern Amer.)—Threepence
- husnelda*—The wife of Arminius, (Hermann,) the Duke of the Cherus-kans and conqueror of Varus
- e a dog loose. Losbinden*
- ger*—An American term for a gambling table
- xey*—“I wish I was in Dixie.” The origin of this song is rather curious. Although now thoroughly adopted as a Southern song, and “Dixie’s Land” understood to mean the Southern States of America, it was, some 75 years ago, the estate of one Dixie, on Manhattan Island, who treated his slaves well; and it was their lament, on being deported south, that is now known as “I wish I was in Dixie”
- odt*, (Ger.)—Dead
- odtengrips, Todtengerippe*—Skeleton
- ofe*—Dove
- o House (Ger zu Hause)*—At home
- torted*—To tortle, to move off From *turtle*.
- ouch the dirt*—Touch the road.
- reppe*—Stairs.
- reu, (Ger)*—Faithful, true.
- Trow him with ecks*—Pelt him with eggs.
- urchin*—Colonel Turchin’s men ravaged the town of Huntsville (Ala) during the civil war.
- Turner, (Ger)*—Gymnast.
- Turner Verein, (Ger. Turnverein)*—Gymnastic Society
- Tyfel, Teufel*—Devil.
- Tyfeled, Verteufelt*—Devilish
- Tyfelest*—From Teufel, here in the sense of “best” or “worst.”
- Tyfel-snake, Teufelsschnaken*—Devilries.
- Tyfel-strokes, Teufels-streiche*—Devilstrokes.
- Tyfelwards*—Devilwards.
- Ueber Stein and Schwein, (Ger.)*—Over stone and swine.
- Ueberschwengliche, (Ger.)*—Transcendental, elevated.
- Uhr, (Ger.)*—Clock, watch, hour, time. Used for “hour” in the ballad
- Uhu, (Ger.)*—Owl.
- Uliverus*—Oliver, another of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne, who fell at Roncesvalles, (a Rowland for an Oliver).

- Und lauter guter Ding,* (Ger.)—And of thoroughly good cheer.
Un-windoong, (Ger. Entwicklung?)—Unravelling.
Unvollkommene technik—Unfinished style or method.
Urbummeldeid, (Ger. vulg.)—Arch-loafer's song.
Urlied, (Ger.)—The song of yore.
Van't klein komt men tot 't groote, (Dutch)—Great things have small beginninga.
 (Concordia res parvae crescunt—Legend on the Dutch ducats; or “Magna molimur parvi.”)
Varus—The Roman commander in Germany, conquered by Arminius.
Veilchen, (Ger.)—Violets.
Vercieren, (Flem.)—Adorn; exalt.
Verdammt, (Ger.)—D—d.
Verfluchter, (Ger.)—Accursed.
Verloren, (Ger.)—Forlorn.
Verstay, Verstehen—Understand.
Verstek, verstehen, (Ger.)—To understand.
Vertiefeln, Vertieufeln—To botch.
William—William Street at New York, inhabited by many Germans.
Vlaemsche—Flemish.
Von—One. See Preface.
Voonderly, (Ger. Wunderlich)—Wondrous, curious.
Vorüber, (Ger.)—Past.
Wachsen, (Ger.)—Waxen.
Wachsen, (Ger.)—To grow.
- “ Komm' ich in's galante Sachsen
 Wo die schöne Maedchen wachsen.”
- Old German Song.
- Waechter,* (Ger.)—Watchman.
Waelder, (Ger.)—Woods.
Wahlverwandtschaft, (Ger.)—Elective affinity, sympathy of souls.
Wahrsagt, (Ger. Wahrsagen)—To foretell, soothsay.
Waidmannsheil, (Ger.)—Huntsman's weal.
Wald, (Ger.)—Wood.
Wallowin—Walloon.
Wälschen, (Ger.)—Of the Latin race.
Ward all zu Steine, (Ger.)—Became all stone.
Ward zu Wind, (Ger.)—Became a wind.
Wechselbalg, (Ger.)—(formerly a popular superstitious belief), a changeling, brat, urchin.
Weihnachtsbaum, (Ger.)—Christmas tree.
Weihnachtslied, (Ger.)—Christmas song.
Weingarts, weingärten, (Ger.)—Vineyards.
Weingeist, (Ger.)—Vinous, ardent spirit.
Wein-handle, (Ger. Weinhandel or Weinhandlung)—Wine-trade, wine-shop.
Weinachtstraum—lit., Winenight's dream, for “Weihnacht,” Christmas dream.
Wellen und Wogen, (Ger.)—Waves and billows.
Welshhen—Turkey hen.
Werda? (Ger.)—Who's there?

Werden, das Werden—The becoming to be.

We'uns, you'ns—We and you. A common vulgarism through the Southern States.

“ ‘Tis sad that we’uns from you’ns parts
When you’ns hev stolen we’uns’ hearts.”

Wie gehts, (Ger.)—How goes it? how are you?

Wild und Weh, (Ger.)—Wild and woebegone.

Wilde Jagd—Wild hunt.

Willkomm, (Ger.)—Welcome.

Windsbraut, (Ger. poet)—Storm, hurricane, gust of wind.

Wird, (Ger.)—Becomes.

Wise-hood, (Ger. *Weisheit*)—Wisdom.

Wised (Ger. *Wusste*, from *wissen*)—Knew.

Witz, (Ger.)—A sally.

Wo bist du? (Ger.)—Where art?

Woe-moody, (Ger. *Wehmüthig*)—Moanful, doleful.

Wohl, (Ger.)—Well!

Wohlauf, (Ger.)—Well, come on, cheer up.

Wolfsschlucht, (Ger.)—Wolf’s glen.

Wonnevol, (Ger. *Wonnevoll*)—Blissful.

Woon, (Ger. *Wunde*)—Wound.

Word-blay—Word-play, pun, quibble.

Wurst—A German student word for indifference.

Wurst, (Ger.)—Sausage.

Yaeger, (Ger.)—Huntsman.

Yaegersmann, Jaegersmann—Huntsman.

Yager, (Jager, Ger.)—Hunter.

Var, (Ger. *Jahr*)—Year.

Varthausend, Jahrtausend—A thousand years.

Yellow pine—Mulatto.

“ I lost a maiden in that hour.”—*Byron*.

Vonge maegden, (Flem.)—Young girls.

Yungling, Füngling, (Ger.)—Youth.

Zapset aus, (Ger.)—Tap the barrel.

Zimmer, (Ger.)—Room.

Zukunftig, (Ger.)—In future.